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Mr. Pompton's Baby

By Josephine Bentham

MAY 1950

A SINGLE sentence hurtled into Henry Pompton's placid little life, coming in the guise of innocence and giving no hint of its far-reaching effects.

It was merely a question put to Mr. Pompton by young Bill Haynes, who was in a state of some agitation.

"Our baby-sitter hasn't shown up," he explained, "and my wife's visiting her sister in the hospital and I've got to go to Trenton for my office."

Here he turned a petitioning eye on Mr. Pompton. "You can see the spot I'm in! Would it be too much to ask you to take care of Coralie?"

Mr. Pompton stared down at the pram and at the object in it. He could not have been more unnerved if he had been asked to care for a herd of elephants.

"It won't be more than a couple of hours at the most," young Haynes went on. "All you have to do is wheel the pram to the park and sit there."

Mr. Pompton, he implied, might as well be sitting on a park bench, looking after a baby, as sitting on a front step doing nothing whatever.

The Haynes' acquaintance with Mr. Pompton sprang from the fact that he could be observed so frequently sitting on the front step of his boarding-house, peering detachedly at his world.

"No, no," he said, now. "I wouldn't know how to manage. I wouldn't do at all. Oh, no, no!"

At this precise moment Coralie Haynes awakened and allowed her father to sit her up in her pram. She was a large, plump baby. In no physical feature did she differ greatly from other beings of her kind.

Please turn to page 4

"Coo, coo!" the girl exclaimed, and "Goo, goo," Coralie crowed back enthusiastically.

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Mr. Pompton's Baby

Continued from page 3

HER unique distinction came into evidence when her gaze rested on Mr. Pompton. An expression of awe had come into her eyes. She was clearly astonished to have found a human creature so remarkable, so superior in every way.

But the astonishment was replaced by a beam of impish good-fellowship.

"You and I understand each other," she seemed to say. And she wound up this performance by cackling aloud in pure delight.

Five minutes later Mr. Pompton was wheeling the pram into the park.

Coralie's progress was a triumphal one. She did not wait, as babies usually do, for recognition.

First there was the young couple, a fine looking boy of 21 and a wonderfully pretty girl of 18. They were so much in love they seemed to be bathed in its aura, as in a soft light.

Even Mr. Pompton could observe this light, and Coralie was already trying to grasp it in her two small fists.

"Oh, how darling!" said the girl. "How darling!"

The boy and the girl looked at each other. Then the girl blushed and lowered her radiant eyes. Their common thought was clear to Mr. Pompton, who was not usually observant about these things.

It had struck them that they might have a baby. Of course, Mr. Pompton reflected indulgently, they would not have a baby like Coralie, but they would see their little inferior baby with the eyes of parental affection and quite possibly be satisfied.

"You're her grandfather?" asked the young man.

"Well, not exactly," Mr. Pompton admitted.

But one might have gathered that he could have been her grandfather, except for a few trifling circumstances. He was feeling his responsibility keenly.

With every half-dozen steps he would peer down to see if Coralie were all right. But of course she was. For Coralie, every second of life was her own little gay balloon.

Now a woman was pausing before the pram. She had red hair, very bright and pretty but not believable. She might have been attractive had her face not been drawn in the lines of discontent. At the moment, however, she was smiling at Coralie.

"Boopety-boo!" she cried. "Oh, boopety-boo! Oh, boopety-boopety-boo!"

This was acutely embarrassing to Mr. Pompton, but not to Coralie, who laughed aloud and waved her fists.

"Wazzer woozum!" said the lady. "Wazzer woozum woo zum!"

This went on for some time, but eventually the lady turned her attention from the baby to Mr. Pompton, addressing him in the English language.

"I've always wanted a child," she confided, "and I was married three times. But there was my career to think of."

"You are on the stage, ma'am?"

If he had poured diamonds in her lap she could not have been more gratified.

"How did you ever guess?" she cried.

"Why, there's something so dashing about you—in a nice way," said Mr. Pompton.

The gallantry was none the worse for a touch of rust. The lady was enormously pleased. She settled down on the bench beside him and produced a batch of yellowed press clippings from her handbag.

"Alma Cooper is my professional name," she explained to him. "It's my maiden name, but I've kept the Mrs."

It was not hard to find the references to Mrs. Cooper because, although they were brief, they were underlined heavily.

"The cast included Philip Danvers, Marylin Raymond, Alma Cooper, and Frederick de Witt . . . Alma Cooper played the sister from the country . . . Alma Cooper was refreshingly adequate as the maid in a play whose principals seemed to have lost interest in their performance, their audience and their profession."

"Isn't that fine," said Mr. Pompton.

Mrs. Cooper sighed. "The Theatre!" she murmured. "Ah, me."

Then she jumped gaily to her feet, for all the world as if she were about to run off-stage dangling a large cartwheel hat.

"Good-bye!" she cried. "Good-bye Baby. Good-bye Mr. Nice Man!"

"Pompton," he corrected shyly. "Good-bye."

He stood looking after her for a moment. She had taken him back to the galleries of his youth, and a line of lovely young women prancing along in black silk stockings.

"Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" hummed Mr. Pompton—whereat Coralie chortled, and waved her arms in huge delight.

When they sallied forth again, he found he had fallen in step with a gentleman of his own age.

"Quite a baby," this individual vouchsafed.

"I think so," murmured Mr. Pompton modestly.

"About ten years ago," said the other, "I used to take my own grandson to the park."

The two old gentlemen strolled along chatting companionably, pausing now and then to let someone admire the baby. For a time they were accompanied by a seven-year-old named Susy, who bounced a red ball, sometimes tossing one thin little leg over the ball before she caught it.

> ***"Young children are like sheep, happiest in the flock, and resent being made to feel different from their fellows."***
> **—Henry Handel Richardson.**

It had all been very pleasant. Mr. Pompton was sorry when the time came to take Coralie home.

Young Mrs. Haynes was grateful to him.

"But I'm really at my wits' end," she reported. "From now on I'm not going to have any time at all. Our baby-sitter isn't coming any more. She's taking Spanish."

Mr. Pompton looked at Coralie's mother with his faded blue eyes alight with hope.

"I'd be glad to take the baby out," he said. "I'd enjoy it."

The next day Coralie's popularity was even more marked than it had been the first day. She smiled at the world, and the world smiled back. She greeted several of her former acquaintances: the elderly gentleman whose name, it developed, was Angus Babcock, and the young couple, who offered Mr. Pompton some peanuts, and the actress, who seemed despondent.

Mr. Pompton sat on the bench beside Mrs. Cooper and eyed her in some concern.

"Is there anything wrong?" he ventured.

"Well, I'm down-hearted," she admitted, fiercely dashing a tear from one eye, then a tear from the other eye. "But if I were a good trouper I wouldn't say so. You've got to keep your chin up."

"You've had trouble with your—with your last husband?"

"Oh, him," she said. "I don't even know where he is. Oh, no! It's the Theatre, Mr. Pompton."

"You don't like this play you're in?"

"I'm not in a play." She paused. "I haven't been in a play for five years." She paused again, and continued on a tide of bitter honesty.

"I haven't even the courage to go near the theatres, Mr. Pompton. An actress needs more courage than anybody would suppose who wasn't in the profession. And I haven't got much. I know I'm—well, I'm not young. And I haven't the looks I used to have."

Mr. Pompton was astounded. To him, any woman under 60 was a flighty young thing who shouldn't be out alone at night.

"Why, you're a young woman, Mrs. Cooper," he cried. "A fine, handsome-looking young woman with plenty of magnetism—plenty of it."

Even as he spoke, he wondered if he were being too personal. Unacquainted with the temperament bred of the theatre, he was wholly unprepared for the reaction of Mrs. Cooper, who had suddenly lost 10 years, and was sparkling all over like an April morning.

"You mean I should go out and get a job? You feel there's still some wee little place for me—in the Theatre?"

Mr. Pompton knew no more of the Theatre than he knew of the mountains of Tibet, but he nodded his head emphatically.

"Why not?" he demanded. "A handsome young woman like you."

She looked at him dazedly. "I'll have to go back to my hotel. I'll have to look over my wardrobe."

Mr. Pompton did not grasp the connection, but that did not matter. "Why, to be sure. That's just what you must do, my dear."

And here Coralie, with her fine instinctive sense of timing, crowed in very glee. They left Mrs. Cooper—or rather, Mrs. Cooper left them—and went on.

There were, that day, many new admirers for Coralie still to be encountered. These included a lady with a toy poodle.

She was so enthusiastic about Coralie that Mr. Pompton managed to say a few gracious words about the poodle, although it was not a dog that appealed much to him.

Then he talked to a middle-aged couple, a Mr. and Mrs. March. They had been gathered to the fold when Mr. March, observing Coralie, had poked a finger at her and Coralie had promptly wrapped her tiny hand around the finger.

It was Mrs. March—busily shaking Coralie's rattle up and down—who asked him if he were Coralie's grandfather. This question, repeated, was perturbing to Mr. Pompton.

He looked with anxious eyes at his beautiful charge in her pram, for the first time mindful of her dainty little clothes, her embroidered silk coverlet, her pretty toys.

He was no credit, he felt, to Coralie. If people were to think him a relative, he was a downright disgrace.

That night he bought a bottle of cleaning fluid and sponged the spots from his old suit which he pressed, afterwards, with his landlady's iron.

The next morning he purchased two white shirts of good quality, and a blue tie with a modest design in garnet. As a final thought he unearthed his shoe-polishing kit and gave his shoes a good shine.

From this time, too, he was careful about having his sparse grey hair neatly trimmed and he began to take special pains with his morning shave.

During this whole beatific period there was but a single disagreeable occurrence. That was the time a dour-looking individual gazed down upon Coralie with his lips pursed.

"That baby," he said, "is too fat, wouldn't you say?"

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TENDER ROMANCE BY MARY A. RODGERS

WALTZ *with* RUBY

Getting to know people is a lot like learning to roller-skate, Ruby discovered — it takes courage to begin and then suddenly it's easy.

"Here he comes," Nancy cried eagerly. Ruby grew tense with excitement.

BECAUSE he had been sitting quietly ever since they boarded the street-car, Ruby knew that Hal was getting ready to say something important. He cleared his throat loudly several times.

"Look," he said finally. "Look, Ruby."

She turned towards him, not knowing what to expect.

"About us going to this new skating rink. I think we ought to talk about it."

The deepness of his voice gave her a vague feeling of fright. "Talk about it? Talk about what?" she asked in a puzzled tone.

Hal rolled up one sleeve of his sweater before he answered. Then he spoke as if he were reciting a carefully rehearsed speech.

"You know how it is with sisters and brothers, Ruby," he said. "They don't stick together much in a crowd. It doesn't look right. Going to the new rink and meeting a new crowd, I think maybe we oughtn't to stick around together the way we used to. It just doesn't look right," he repeated stubbornly. "You know how all the kids at the Palace laughed about it."

"They were only joking," Ruby said softly. "They didn't mean anything in particular, Hal."

He laughed nervously, not intending the laugh to sound as sharp and cruel as it did. He didn't want to spoil his sister's evening.

"Don't kid yourself," he said. "Of course they meant it."

Ruby stroked the box which held her new roller skates and concentrated on not crying. Tears were in her eyes but if she could keep from blinking they wouldn't splash down to her cheeks. Crying would ruin everything. Hal would tease her about it.

Hal was rolling up the other sleeve of his sweater. "Not peeved, are you, Ruby?" He was heavily casual. "You'll like it better if you're on your own. Get to meet a lot of nice fellows."

His words turned into prodding fingers which touched an old ache and set it throbbing. She did not go out with boys.

"If that's the way you want it," she said stiffly, "it's strictly okay with me. Strictly okay." She hated Hal.

She tried for a feeling of confidence by remembering her new skating outfit. She had known for a year exactly how she wanted it to be.

"It has to have a swing skirt," she had told her mother.

Her mother had surprised Ruby by making the dress for her birthday present. With her high laced boots with skates attached, it made a fine outfit, although the skirt was longer than she had wanted it. Ruby hugged the comfortable thought that none of the girls at the new rink would have anything nearly so nice. She pictured herself linking arms with a boy—a tall boy with wavy hair—and waltzing swiftly across the floor with him, her skirt spread wide and shimmering around her.

This being a new crowd and everything, she thought, I'll bet I get a boy to skate with me right away. I just got off to a bad start with the other crowd.

She felt triumphant, as if all this had already been accomplished. Will Hal be surprised, she exulted. Will he be bowled over!

Beside her, Hal sat quietly, placid with relief since he had finally told her what he had been planning to say for a month or longer. Now he wouldn't have to worry about her tagging along everywhere he went as she had done at the Palace rink. Gosh! he thought, I don't mind skating with her every now and then, but she ought to have a boy friend to skate with. What a sister.

He turned to look at her, at her small, too-eager face, her wide, colorless eyebrows, her mousy hair twisted into tight sausage-like curls which bounced nervously on the back of her neck and around her ears.

She felt his gaze and turned around. Loftily she asked, "What's the matter now?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking."

"Don't tell me."

"Oh, shut up. We get off next stop."

Above the entrance of the New National Skating Rink, two red and blue neon figures skated endlessly. Inside, there was a dark cellar atmosphere. Light squeezed through two narrow windows high on the walls.

The steady roar of skates on the wood floor soothed Ruby's sudden fright as she and Hal sat down on a bench to adjust their skates.

There was no more time for pretending, for imagining how things might be. She was here at the New National. After she finished lacing up her boots she would skate out into the outer rim of the rink and go around and around until the music started.

Then she would join Hal, who would be standing with a group of fellows near the soft-drink stand. "M'sister," he would say and then one of the fellows would edge up to her and say, "Care to give it a whirl?" and everything would be all right. After that she would not have to worry any longer.

But if the fellows only said, "Uh-huh," or, "What say, Ruby?" and then were silent, she would have to go away and skate by herself. Hal didn't want to bother with her any more. She would have no chance to show how well she could dance on skates or display any of the complicated dangerous steps she could do. Because, she thought morosely, you need a partner for them. You need a partner for everything.

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"Those detectives — they'll never find out who did it," Druitt said knowingly.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

PART FOUR OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

ATTRACTIVE, irresponsible ENONE McGRATH has been murdered at the little week-end resort of Come-hither Bend, near the home of her guardian, VIO THOMAS.

Occupants of the resort include KENNETH SYMONDS, Enone's fiance, and ATHOL BOYD, his artist friend; HARRY, Vio's houseman; ELIZABETH ROWAN, artist, who shares a home with PETER and BRIGID CONNELL. Frequent visitors include NANCY PHILLIPSON, who shared a city flat with Enone; and TED FANSHAWE, in love with Elizabeth. MR. and MRS. DRUITT keep the local store.

Various irregularities occurred the night of the murder, and INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING find their investigations complicated by conflicting testimony.

Grogan seems particularly interested in a fancy compact that Ted gave Elizabeth, and questions him closely about it. Obviously annoyed, Ted drives away with Elizabeth.

Now read on:—

By MARGOT NEVILLE

INSPECTOR GROGAN paused with his foot on the running-board of his car. A figure was coming up the road. The Phillipson girl.

Nancy had got off the bus at the store and was walking round the bend in the hot growing morning, hands in the pockets of her corduroys, head bent, feet advancing rhythmically in the glistening dust.

She wasn't more than a few paces from Grogan and the car when she looked up, and though nothing could ever surprise Nancy, she pulled up short. "Hullo!"

"I was just looking for you," he jerked a thumb towards the house. "Up there."

"Flattered, I'm sure. What do you want?"

"You knew the deceased very well, didn't you?"

"You've heard all that. Isn't there anything new?"

"There might be. About her money affairs now. Tangled, were they?"

"Whose aren't?"

"In the last year—would you say she'd had a lot more money than usual?"

Nancy gave a short laugh. "If she did, I'd like to know what she spent it on."

"You didn't see any sign of it?"

"None of it came my way. I paid the rent of the flat for the last three months."

"You were supposed to go fifty-fifty, were you?"

"Supposed to. Towards the end, all Enone ever put into the kitty was a parcel of groceries that she brought back from week-ends here. Tea and butter and jars and tins of this and that."

"You wouldn't say, then, she had close on a thousand pounds extra, would you?"

"A thousand pounds?" Nancy's voice sharpened. "Enone with a thousand pounds! Don't make me laugh."

"Anyway—supposing she did have it—it wasn't spent on frocks and hats and jewellery, you say. Did she ever hint at anybody she might've been paying blackmail to?"

"Is it likely? If you pay blackmail to someone it's to keep their mouth shut, isn't it? So where's the sense of opening your own?"

"Then what do you reckon she did with it?"

"I don't reckon. I don't believe she ever had it."

"Well, you should know." He put his foot on the running-board again. "Would you say she was happy at the prospect of her approaching marriage?"

"Ask Kenneth Symonds. He should know."

"He mightn't know if she'd got tangled up with some other chap, though."

"I mightn't, either." Her lids fell blankly over her oblique dark eyes.

"O.K." He stepped into the car and drove off, heading back to town.

Not much later in the day, he entered the flat that Enone and Nancy had shared. The C.I.B. men had been over every inch of it, poked into every corner, and inspected every item.

The boys had done the job thoroughly. Grogan knew that, but you never knew. After a day or two—when some of the details of the picture had been filled in—some trifle in a room, maybe, in a cupboard or drawer, might mean what it hadn't meant when you first saw it.

He strolled from bedroom to bathroom, from sitting-room to kitchen. The kitchen was sketchy, all right. Not more done here than boil an egg or squeeze an orange. Full-sized meals had been taken elsewhere and at somebody else's expense.

In the sitting-room again he took one more stroll round, opening and shutting cupboards and desk drawers perfunctorily. Turning away, on the point of leaving, he paused at the window.

On the floor, in a big red pot, a croton tree was growing, drooping to-day in the heat for want of water. But Grogan wasn't looking at the parched soil in the pot or the drooping leaves. His eyes had suddenly caught sight of something balanced precariously at the base of a red-veined twig.

He stooped over the small tree and feasted his eye on the object. "Well, well, well!"

He walked briskly to the door and went out. He was looking smugly pleased as he placed his grey felt hat on his head and pressed a finger on the lift button . . .

Peter leant forward and helped himself to toast.

"I," he said in his microphone voice, "have a theory. I don't ask anyone else to subscribe to it, but I know what I think."

Ted had come over to the Connells' at eight-thirty the next morning — Peter was going to give him a lift to town—and was having breakfast on the verandah with Brigid, Elizabeth, and Peter.

Ted handed his cup over to Brigid for more tea. He said to Peter: "Well, having gone so far, you may as well tell us what your theory is."

"I don't want to accuse anyone, of course," Peter sounded as though he had the elucidation up his sleeve, "but as a matter of fact I was thinking about Harry."

"Harry?" Brigid and Elizabeth echoed the name in the same tone of derision.

Ted said bluntly: "Harry murder Enone? Bosh!"

"Ah!" Peter said with satisfaction. "Your reaction to the name convinces me that each of you has a theory—at least as to who didn't do it—which is half-way to having one."

"But Harry?" Brigid said again: "Good, old, humdrum, happy-go-lucky Harry!"

"Tell me, Brigid, what exactly do you — and that includes us all—know about Harry?"

"Know about him? Why, he's been our neighbor, Liz's and mine, ever since we took this house four years ago."

"Prodigious! Personally, I doubt if any one of us even knows what his other name is. Do you? Do you?"

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More Than Money

By Mary Hood Chapman

THE chairs in the air terminal were the deepest Glen Redman had encountered in his ten years in and out of most of the airports in the country. He leaned back, resting his shoulders against one of them, and reflected again how sick he was of Mrs. Sybil Dufraine, her mighty millions and her way of life.

He was tired to the bone of ferrying Sybil's fiances and financiers and doing Sybil's airborne flunkying. He was not temperamentally suited to being a simple hack driver, not even for the colossal salary Sybil paid him to pilot an 8800-horsepower hack.

The Coast Airlines management, who'd sold him this plush-lined private piloting job, had neglected to mention that it was synonymous with selling himself down the river. And the only woman he'd ever really wanted to marry would have no part of him until he was back in the working end of the airlines business.

On top of these generalisations there was a specific irritant; Sybil had insisted the take-off be set for 8.00 a.m., but it was after ten and she hadn't arrived.

Joyce came in the door from the runway, and he watched her cross the waiting room and walk towards him. Neat but not gaudy was a phrase tailor-made for Joyce Carmichael. When Sybil had sent him to Miami to pick up a new stewardess from Incorporated Airlines her instructions had been very specific: "Spanish speaking, for the South America trip, and not too good looking."

He'd thought when he hired her—and Sybil still did—that Joyce qualified on both counts. That first day he really hadn't seen the good mouth with the full curve of lower lip, or the subtle shape of her too-thin body, or the eyes large and blue, with a depth of earnestness that belied the glib way she talked.

He hadn't realised then that she was a woman a man could fall in love with, fast.

"I had more ice put on board," she said. "The first lot melted. How long will this go on?"

"No telling. Maybe days."

She perched on the edge of a table and swung a shapely leg. "How does it usually go on the long trips, Glen?"

"Just like it does on the short ones, only worse and oftener."

Joe Smollett, the senior co-pilot, came out of the airport manager's office and joined them. There were several telegrams in his hand.

"Anything interesting in that wad of papers, Joe?" Glen asked.

"Most of them are hers—'have a good trip' stuff. There's an acknowledgment of the delay message I sent. And one from Incorporated Airlines confirming the communications guard down through the Carribbean."

"Considering the erratic way Sybil runs these junkets, it'll be simpler if we just give up trying to have communications," Glen said dourly.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess she pays us what she does for arranging things when and where she happens to want them."

"Yes, I suppose so. I hope it gives you a sense of accomplishment, Joe, because all it gives me is a pain."

"She's here," Joyce interrupted. "Listen."

In addition to her money Sybil Dufraine had a mass of red hair, a temper to match the hair, and a voice to match the temper. They could hear her outside, fluently berating one of the crew.

Joyce slid off the table and smoothed her jacket over her slim hips. Joe Smollett stood as erect as an ensign hitting a brace before an admiral. Glen slouched up with reluctance.

Sybil had chosen him because he was six foot two, had black hair and matched her chauffeurs, though she never had succeeded in imposing their precision of appearance on the basic likeness.

Sybil Dufraine entered in a rush, followed by a mountain of luggage. "Is everything ready?" She addressed them generally.

"Since eight o'clock," Glen said. "It's after ten now."

"I know." He had impressed her enough to rate a semblance of apology. "Tommy rang and talked for hours. I couldn't seem to stop him. And Hale lost one of the hatboxes. The one with the white hats! Rio in October without white hats—why, it's fantastic."

Please turn to page 40

Utterly hopeless trying to talk to her, Glen thought glumly, as Sybil turned haughtily away.

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Personally formulated by PEGGY SAGE in her New York Salon, these glamorous new nail polish shades will accentuate your finger-tips. Buy PEGGY SAGE polish and see how beautifully it wears. Obtainable at all first class chemists and stores.

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A.P. 1-16

In the spotlight all night ..that's the Kemt girl!

With a million lights trapped in her hair, the Kemt girl wins admiring glances wherever she goes. A one-minute spray with the Kemt Magic *Misti-fier* makes hair supple and easy to manage, restores lost lustre and completes your coiffure. Kemt contains natural hair foods and fragrant oils to protect and beautify. Be glorified with Kemt – the glamourous new hair dressing now available throughout Australia.

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Kemt magic mist

BY THE MAKERS OF SILVIKRIN

Australian mannequins

PAMELA WALFORD, a lovely red-head, who comes from Lismore, New South Wales, has modelled successfully in London, Paris, and Rome.

IN ROME, Pamela Walford was given a job by leading couturier Simonetta Visconti, whose cocktail three-piece she is wearing.

NOLA ROSE, wearing a lime-green suit by Matita which she modelled recently in London. The suit has classic lines, unusual fastenings.

They enjoy their jobs

● Three lovely Australian girls are having outstanding success abroad as models for leading fashion houses in London, Paris, and Rome.

THEY are Judy Barraclough, Nola Rose, and Pamela Walford, all of Sydney.

Judy Barraclough's first professional modelling was in The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades in 1948, when she was one of the two Australian girls chosen to show clothes with four Paris mannequins.

Before she left Australia she was a topflight model, confining her work to the most exclusive houses.

She went to London with her young doctor husband and was given a job immediately by Molyneux, whose clothes she wears on the opposite page.

Pamela Walford, born in Lismore New South Wales, has spent most of her 22 years in Sydney, and was doing her second year in dentistry at Sydney University when the urge to travel sent her abroad.

Now she is a Paris mannequin and is nicknamed by fellow mannequins "first-day Pamela."

First day she arrived in London in October, 1948, she got a job as mannequin with Spectator Sports, wholesale sportswear house.

First day she arrived in Rome she sought a job as mannequin with Simonetta Visconti, leading couturier, and got it immediately.

First day in Paris she went to Jean Desses, top-ranking couturier, and was taken on within two hours of her entry through his elegant doorway.

She has been with Desses since February 1, and says "it is the most glamorous job I have ever had."

Two months after Pamela's arrival in Rome, leading fashion magazines were featuring her in Visconti's clothes, Fox Movietone made films of her, and she was chosen to play the role of an American tourist in an Italian travel film made in Sicily for Holy Year.

But Paris was always her real goal, so when she met two Australian girls hitch-hiking to Paris she left Visconti's and joined them.

Blonde, 20-year-old Nola Rose was chosen as "Miss Pacific" two years ago, and within a month of her arrival in England she was a well-known mannequin.

She gained her experience in Sydney, modelling for one of the big stores.

Now she works for Rima and Horrocks in London and is photographed for the glossy fashion magazines.

In England Nola discovered she could tie herself to one of the mannequin agencies. But she decided to try her luck by herself.

A couple of agencies invited her to join them, but Nola had made up her mind that she wanted to work for just a few of the best houses and do only the type of work that she liked.

She says: "I soon found that the best fashion houses do not really like using girls who are known everywhere. And if you attach yourself exclusively to them, you are likely to get a great deal of their work."

Another reason why Nola works on her own is that she likes to be able to arrange free time to see something of England, for next December she plans to return to Sydney.

Nola has no worries about her future in England. She earns £20 each week for four days' work.

ATTRACTIVE POSE by Nola Rose, of Ryde, Sydney, who is shown modelling a cocktail and beach dress by Rima, in London.

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SUCCESSFUL ABROAD

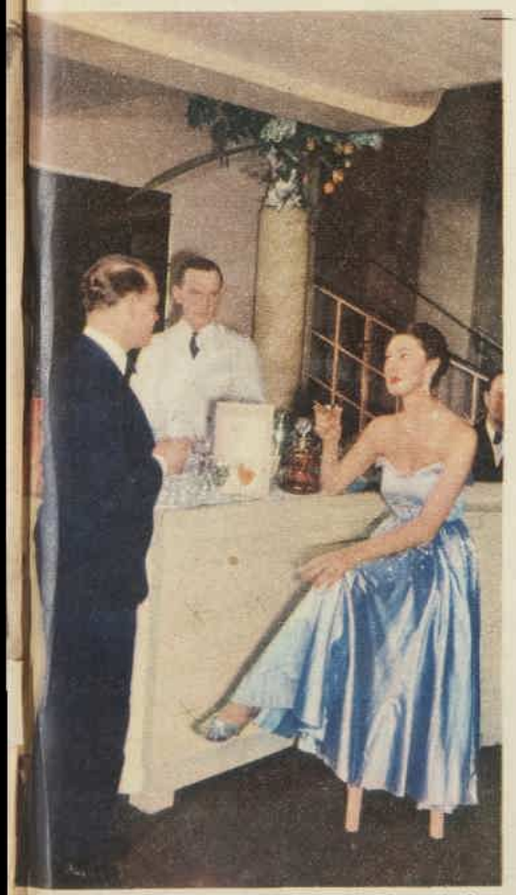
● Judy Barraclough, Sydney mannequin who has been modelling at the London salon of Molyneux, was a sensation at the showing of his spring collection.

Before she left for England Judy was well known here as an outstanding mannequin. She was much in demand for fashion shows and was a great success when she took part in The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades of 1947 and '48.

Judy is frankly thrilled to model for one of the world's leading designers. While wearing Molyneux spring models she was photographed by Australian photographer Alec Murray at some of her favorite London spots.

BUYING FLOWERS and gathering ideas for flower arrangement from Constance Spry, Judy wears a white summer frock patterned in grey and yellow, with a yellow Molyneux aeroplane hat.

READY to parade at the Molyneux salon, Judy wears a bronze satin evening gown with a fichu neckline (at right). Judy has modelled Molyneux gowns for the Duchess of Kent on several special occasions.



MOLYNEUX blue satin evening gown, lightly sequined, is worn by Judy with a beautiful diamente necklace and chandelier earrings when she takes cocktails at 96 Piccadilly. Judy has special elegance in evening gowns.

GAME OF DARTS for Judy in local hotel at Chelsea. She wears a fine tweed Molyneux suit with leather collar, cuffs, and matching beret. As well as taking a natural pride and delight in her job with Molyneux, Judy adores the life of London and spends all free time sightseeing.

MARKETING at Mac Fisheries in Mount Street, Mayfair, Judy looks trim in a double-breasted jacket of 1920 inspiration, worn over a navy frock with a sailor hat.

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BEDTIME STORY - with the happiest ending ever

THREE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL! What a prospect for an active little eight-year-old. Thank goodness—like all modern hospitals—we had 'DUNLOPILLO' mattresses. It made those hot summer months so much easier—for both of us. It gave Jennie cloud-soft comfort, cool as a sea breeze . . . and not a single bed sore.

VISITING DAY FOR JENNIE . . . and what a story she had to tell. "Daddy," she squeaked, "I've got a real live mattress—it breathes!" We all laughed and I told them how 'DUNLOPILLO' was made up of millions of tiny air cells that "inhaled" fresh, clean air every time Jennie moved.

THAT GAVE THEM THE IDEA. They went straight to the furniture store. "This 'DUNLOPILLO' is revolutionising furnishing," the salesman told them. "Hospitals, hotels, trains, planes, and buses are installing 'DUNLOPILLO' because it's clean . . . no dust germs, or vermin . . . and what's more, you just can't wear it out. 'DUNLOPILLO' lasts a lifetime."

"THAT'S TRUE ECONOMY," said Dad, who likes to keep an eye on the budget. "And imagine the housework it would save me," said mother. "Mattresses that you don't have to turn . . . cushions that spring right back into shape . . . what a joy!" "And," the salesman added, "No more bumpy mattresses and sagging cushions."

HOME AT LAST FOR JENNIE . . . and what a surprise. First thing she saw was a wonderful new lounge suite with 'DUNLOPILLO' cushioning to give her the relaxation she still needed for complete recovery. And . . . want to hear a secret . . . it won't be long before 'DUNLOPILLO' is right throughout the house.

PROVE

these facts about "DUNLOPILLO" cushioning

- *You can't wear it out. 'DUNLOPILLO' lasts a lifetime.*
- *It B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S. Millions of tiny air bubbles ventilate 'DUNLOPILLO'—keep it cool, fresh-smelling, clean.*
- *'DUNLOPILLO' will not sweat—even on the hottest nights. That's why 'DUNLOPILLO' is used on so many hospital beds.*
- *Saves housework—'DUNLOPILLO' keeps its shape for ever.*
- *'DUNLOPILLO' gives you heavenly comfort—at down to earth prices.*

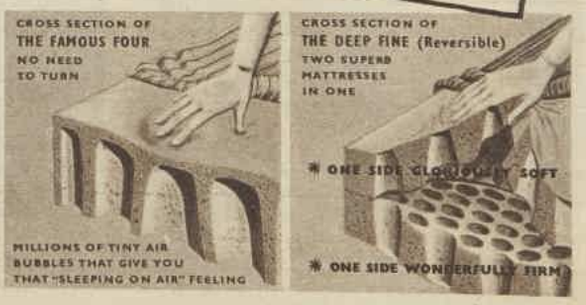
SEE THESE 'DUNLOPILLO' MATTRESSES AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

THE *ORIGINAL* LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

"DUNLOPILLO"

** Mattresses * Pillows * Lounge Chairs and Suites * Car Cushions * Ring Cushions * Carpet Underlay*

(Regd. Users)—LATEX PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.—A DUNLOP COMPANY—BRANCHES IN ALL STATES



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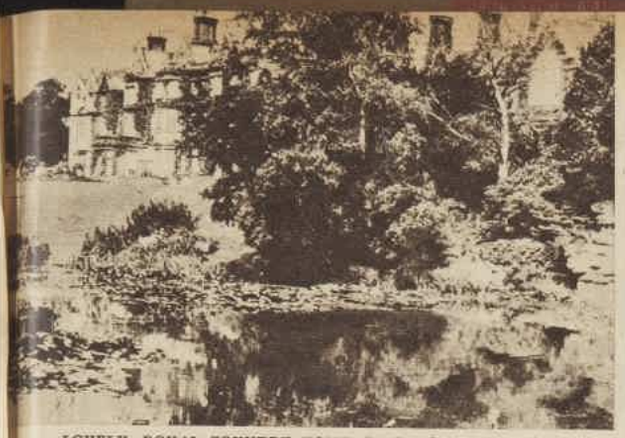


LOVELY ROYAL COUNTRY HOME, Sandringham, where the Princesses spent the first wartime Christmas with their parents, in spite of the fact that it was a dangerous target area.

CARRIAGE which was used during the last years of her life for drives round the estate by Queen Victoria became a toy for Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, here photographed with Miss Crawford, who tries to cajole the Queen's Corgi, Jane, from underneath.

The Little Princesses

PART IV

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

IN last week's instalment of "The Little Princesses" Marion Crawford, governess for many years to Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, described the glamorous social life of the Royal Court into which the small girls were gradually being introduced. They had their first experience of a long separation from their parents when the King and Queen went on the Royal tour of Canada. On their return, a yachting holiday to Dartmouth led to the first meeting with Prince Philip of Greece which, although she was only 13, marked the beginning of the one and only romance of Elizabeth's life. Soon after, the shadow of war fell on England, and, for the second time, the little Princesses had to learn to adapt themselves to a new way of life.

I READ the newspapers to the children after tea, trying as far as possible to give them some idea of what was happening without too many horrible details.

Hitler seemed to be marching all over the place, and I remember Lilibet saying anxiously:

"Oh, dear, Crawfie, I hope he won't come over here."

I said I considered it unlikely, but if he did so, no doubt he would be dealt with. We read of sirens sounding in London, and I tried to explain what they were.

We had just been reading "At a Solemn Music," by Milton, in which the line appears, "Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy," and I had some difficulty in making them realise the idea wasn't quite the same, and this was a new kind of siren entirely unblessed. We all laughed a great deal about it.

One night over the wireless we suddenly got the horrible news that brought us slap up against reality.

A grave voice regretfully announced the sinking of the battleship Royal Oak.

Lilibet jumped horrified from her chair, her eyes blazing with anger. I can still hear her little voice:

"Crawfie, it can't be! All those nice sailors."

As the situation worsened it was no longer possible to keep things from them.

Sometimes tuning in on the radio at evening we would come all unawares on "Lord Haw-Haw," the infamous Irishman, William Joyce, later executed for treason.

At this time he punctually polluted the atmosphere with his verbiage.

Most of his efforts were greeted by the two little girls with peals of laughter, but sometimes when he was more than usually offensive the children would throw books and cushions at the wireless so violently I had to turn it off.

There was something oddly arresting about that dreadful voice. Some evenings up in Scotland it was almost impossible to get away from it. Wherever you tuned in, there he was.

As far as the lessons were concerned this was an interlude I was glad of. There were no interruptions during those quiet days.

The children were never called away. Sir Henry Marten set Lilibet history papers and sent her up notes. She wrote essays for him which I posted down to be corrected.

But I began to find having both the little girls on my hands for lessons all the time was becoming rather much for me.

I had to prepare the night before lessons for two children of different ages, both extremely bright.

It was pretty hard work. So presently I got Mrs. Montaudon-Smith, whom they both liked and called Monty, to come and take them in French.

We re-arranged the school programmes, and divided the time so that I could take each child for a little while every day alone.

Monty was very keen on singing. She taught the children French duets which they sang together so charmingly.

This was arranged and practised to be a surprise for papa and mummie when they were all together again.

We organised war work. Everyone else was occupied in some way and the little girls could not wait to do their share.

So I organised a large sewing party to meet every Thursday afternoon in the schoolroom at Birkhall.

For these gatherings Alah was hostess.

We gave them all tea, sandwiches, drop scones (a sort of Scotch pancake), and jam and fruitcake.

Rationing and shortages had not begun.

Later, when they did, everyone had to bring her own sugar with her.

Some of them would also contribute a cake or a baking of scones.

The crofters' wives, farmers' wives, wives of estate employees came. Everyone save the residents had long since left.

When later evacuees from Glasgow were sent out to the village, their mothers also joined us.

The King opened up Craigowan, a large house on the Balmoral estate, for evacuees, where they lived in positively ducal surroundings. Alas, very few appreciated it.

The children were terrified of the silence, scared to go into the woods, and frightened if they saw a deer.

They were not noticeably cleanly, and I think the conditions of some of these people came as a great shock to our honest, God-fearing country people.

It is impossible to explain the immense difference this stay among country people had on some of the town dwellers who had up till then never seen anything save the slums of large towns.

So many of them loved it and appreciated it. But some there were who wanted to take the next bus back to Glasgow. "Oh, the awful quiet!" they said.

These weekly meetings were very popular in the district. Lilibet and Margaret handed round teacups and cake and talked away happily to the various women, asking fondly after their departed sons and fathers.

They also played phonograph records for the sewing ladies on an old-fashioned horn phonograph that blared so loudly we had already put six scarves down the horn to try to deaden it.

Margaret's favorite tune was Gigli singing "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen," which was astonishingly apt, as we had only one small, cosy stove in the centre of the room, and the weather was very chilly.

Aberdeenshire is the country of the Gordon Highlanders, and most of them are recruited there.

Already most of the manses and farms had an empty place.

One by one the gardeners and keepers began to disappear.

Weeds sprang up where before no weeds had been seen.

The housemaids would sadly tell us of this or that male relative whisked away.

Soon, out of doors one old man would be doing the work of the two or three younger ones who had gone.

One of the things the children loved to do was to go to the nearby Canadian lumber camp which had been opened up to get timber for the war effort. It was a wonderful organisation, like an entire new village sprung up outside Ballater on the King's estate.

The bulldozers never ceased to fill us with horror and fascination, tearing down our beloved pines.

The Canadians would pause in their work to grin at the two little girls on their pony. Two or three of them looked rather like red Indians to us, and for them the Princesses had a particularly warm spot in their hearts and would look out for them.

They moved hundreds of trees a day and sawed them up, and had them sent off to the south.

Meantime, in our own woods at Birkhall, one old man with one old horse would take several days to drag out one old tree for the same good cause, or as firewood for the house.

Beyond an occasional trip to the dentist in Aberdeen, the children had few outings, and so these trips took on the air of great treats. There was no bombing up there. We seemed to be at the moment in a different and more peaceful world.

The beautiful autumn days passed and brought the first white frosts on the stubble fields.

The hares, golden brown all summer, began to put on their winter coats of white.

The wild geese began to come down to the rivers and streams again.

We had to begin to think about Christmas, but not with the usual pleasure and excitement, as none of us knew what was going to happen.

The children had never been up in Scotland so late before.

They were amazed at our north-country frosts, so much whiter and heavier than the southern ones, and how the whole landscape is suddenly transformed into a magic fairyland by the early falls of snow.

They loved the frost patterns on the morning windows, and the bright sun on the white landscapes.

There was no central heating in our bedrooms at Birkhall, and the water in the drinking carafes was often frozen hard, together with the children's sponges and wash-cloths, which delighted them immensely.

They were never daunted by things like this, and made nothing at all of discomforts.

Just before Christmas I felt we should make some sort of preparation, so I took them to Woolworth's in Aberdeen, where we did some brisk shopping and invested in the usual sixpenny china ornaments and brooches which usually made the bulk of their Christmas shopping.

The children had to go to the dentist fairly regularly. Lilibet had to wear a series of rubber bands, which meant many visits to the dentist with Alah.

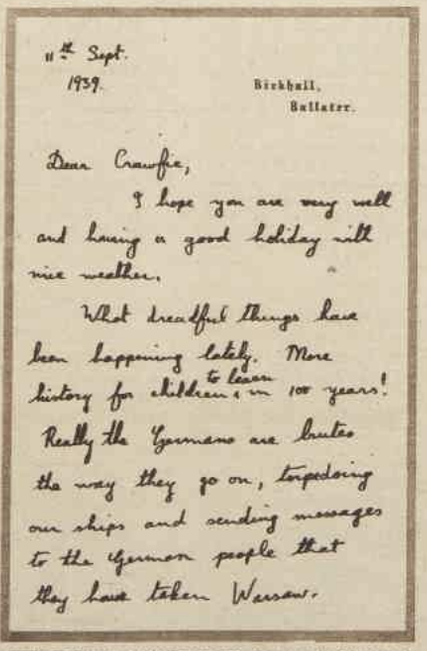
Lilibet and Margaret joined the local Girl Guides company. Meetings took place in the Village Hall. We arranged hikes and tea-parties and outings, bringing in the evacuees.

All this helped to keep the children from missing their parents too much.

We still did not know whether we would be marooned in Scotland over Christmas or not, so I thought we had best make plans. It snowed, which seemed to make Christmas very near.

Please turn to page 15

Wartime life in Scotland



11th Sept.
1939.

Birkhall,
Ballater.

Dear Crawfie,

I hope you are very well and having a good holiday with nice weather.

What dreadful things have been happening lately. More to learn history for children in 100 years! Really the Germans are brutes the way they go on, torpedoing our ships and sending messages to the German people that they have taken Warsaw.

ELIZABETH'S CONCERN with the war is illustrated in this letter written in the early days of the fighting to Miss Crawford.

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From Sweet Sixteen to Silvering Sixty...

TRUST *paul Duval* WITH YOUR TREASURED BEAUTY

at 16 . . . Daughters, take warning . . . mothers, take heed! **All** young skins are innately lovely, but they need care.

TREATMENT: Nightly . . . Paul Duval Cleansing Milk; then Paul Duval Complexion Soap with luke-warm water. That way lies beauty that braves the years.

MAKE-UP: Tone with Paul Duval Astringent; smooth on Almond Milk Base. Add a whisper of Salon Powder; accent with lipstick (and a suspicion of rouge) in, perhaps, glamorous Mayfair Pink or Grenadier Red.

at 36 . . . The threshold of the middle years can be the doorway to more dramatic beauty!

TREATMENT: Cleanse regularly with Paul Duval Cleansing Milk . . . massage with the penetrating richness of Paul Duval Nourishing or Skin-Toning Cream.

MAKE-UP: Pat on Paul Duval Astringent for tonic action. As a perfect base, Photogenic Face-Maker, or Rose or Almond Milk. Salon Powder keyed to your skin-tone; a touch of eye-shadow; lipstick, rouge, and Quillon Nail Enamel in Gay Gossip, Apache, or First Night, according to the fashion color you wear.

at 60 . . . The incomparable charm of a mellowed beauty is yours!

TREATMENT: Deep-cleanse with Paul Duval Cleansing Cream; then smooth on Tissue or Wrinkle Cream.

MAKE-UP: Stimulate with Paul Duval Astringent; make-up lightly over Photogenic Face-Maker or Rose or Almond Milk Base. Salon Powder in a shade to suit your skin-tone; subtle accents of Paul Duval Lipstick, rouge, and Quillon Nail Enamel in softly flattering Mayfair Pink, or, of course, No. 6.

PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS . . . AT ALL CHEMISTS, EXCLUSIVE STORES

Cleansing, Nourishing, Skin-Toning Creams, **3/11, 5/11**
Almond Milk Base, Rose Milk Base, **3/11, 5/11**
Cleansing Milk, Astringent Lotion, **3/11, 5/11**
Tissue or Wrinkle Creams, **4/8, 6/8**
Photogenic Face-Maker, **6/6**

Paul Duval Lipsticks, **2/11.** *Bleu Royale Propelling,* **5/11**
Paul Duval Rouge, **2/11.** *Bleu Royale Series,* **5/11**
Quillon Nail Enamel, all Fashion Shades, **4/11**
Eye-Shadow, **2/11.** *Bleu Royale,* **4/11**
Paul Duval Salon Powder, **4/6**

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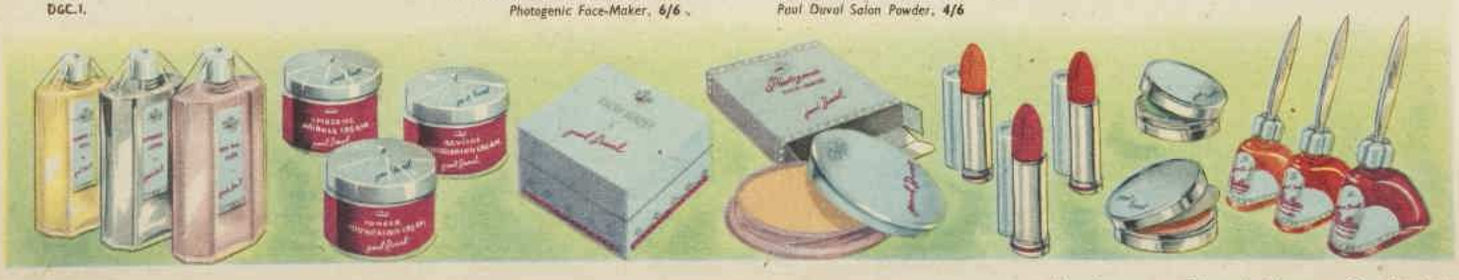

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ON THE FARM at Sandringham, the youthful Princesses Elizabeth (left) and Margaret Rose talk to one of the Land Army girls who in the early years of the war helped with the harvest. The Princesses were always anxious to take an active part in national emergency work.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

THE children from Balmoral village, about nine miles off, and the children from Birkhall School, who formed the Guide company, were getting up a Christmas play called "The Christmas Child."

It was a rather unusual little play that Mrs. Ross, the factor or bailiff's wife, had come across in a book. She was most enthusiastic when I suggested the two Princesses should take part.

We had great fun after that, giving her a hand with the scenery and preparations.

One day we all motored the nine miles to Balmoral to get lumber to make the scenery. Lilibet's delight when she heard she had been chosen to be one of the Three Kings was very charming to see. Margaret was to be the Christmas Child.

We all helped with the costumes. Margaret and I undertook to make the kings' crowns, which was a bit of a problem.

We cut them out of cardboard and painted them, made holes for the jewels and covered cotton-wool with colored paper. The result was very fine and imposing.

Their first Christmas play

Rehearsals filled up most of the day now, for holidays from lessons had begun. Poor Sir Basil Brooke, who was in charge of Birkhall at that time, got very tired of hearing us rehearsing all our parts.

Sir Basil was an admiral about sixty. He had known the King from a boy and became his Controller of the Household at 145 Piccadilly.

When we moved to the Palace he became the Queen's Treasurer. He had charge of household finances and paid the Queen's bills for her.

Just as everyone was becoming word-perfect and excitement was at fever pitch, one of the village children developed mumps. That was the end of the Christmas play.

I tried to comfort the thwarted actresses: "Never mind. We'll do it ourselves one day instead."

Various people came up for week-ends while we were in Scotland, and we had great fun with them.

I still have rather a touching letter written me by one of them thanking me for my kindness and patience—for he was an old man at the time.

He was devoted to Lilibet, and I remember him watching her one day, and remarking to me, "There is England's future hope."

But he was frightened of Margaret.

Old men often were. She had too witty a tongue and too sharp a way with her, and I think they one and all felt they would probably be the next on her list of caricatures!

Poor little Margaret. This misunderstanding of her light-hearted fun and frolics was often to get her into trouble long after schoolroom days were done.

She is far too individual, far too quick-witted for the state of life to which it has pleased God to call her. She has great gifts, and genius must always be a little uncomfortable at Court.

She could have made a name for herself as an artist, a singer, a dancer.

Like all young girls, she went through a phase when she could be extremely tiresome.

She would dawdle over her dressing, pleased to know she kept us waiting. I cured her of this foible by going off with Lilibet and the pony and leaving her behind.

Sometimes in the evening we had cinema shows in the schoolroom.

There was a man in the village who had a movie projector and a lot of old films of Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy.

Sir Basil Brooke and I got hold of him and arranged for an occasional evening's show. All the staff came, and anyone else who cared to.

At the end of these performances we frequently had another, when Alah would try to get Margaret to bed.

Margaret would bounce on the sofa, and dodge Alah round chairs, while I talked to the guests, watching all this out of a corner of my eye.

When the business looked like getting out of hand I would fix Margaret with a certain stony look, take her arm and walk her to the door, saying, "Go to bed!" Margaret usually went then, quietly.

Under all her pranks and tricks she had the softest heart.

It is her misfortune now that the ordinary exploits of adolescence, the natural life of a healthy and vivacious girl, in her case made newspaper paragraphs instead of being dismissed with a laugh.

One of the people who came up to stay at that time was Sir Richard Molyneux.

He is one of the four or five people still living who took part in the famous charge at Omdurman, in the Sudan campaign. Mr. Churchill is one of the others.

The children were never tired of hearing how, when Sir Richard was wounded, a piece of skin was taken from Mr. Churchill's thigh and grafted on to Sir Richard's hand. He used to show it to them both with considerable pride.

Christmas drew nearer, that first Christmas of the war none of us will ever forget.

There was still no definite news of what was to happen to us, and whether the children would be allowed to go south or not. If they remained in Scotland, I knew I must give up any hopes of spending Christmas at my own home.

Then, on December eighteenth, the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver, and my heart gave a great thump, for I heard the Queen's voice.

It sounded in that moment quite bright and gay and young again.

"Crawfie! All's well. We're going to spend Christmas at Sandringham as usual."

There were shouts of joy from the children.

"And you," the Queen continued, "can go home, and join us later."

There were shouts of joy from Crawfie!

Then we all kissed very fondly and they said, "You will come. You will come, won't you, as soon as Mummie wants you?"

The Royal Family went to Sandringham and had as happy a Christmas there as they could have.

This was during the period of the "phony war," when nothing was happening.

They stayed at Sandringham until the second of February, which was rather longer than usual, with the King and Queen coming down to London, the children remaining there.

Having Christmas at Sandringham was a piece of courage that has been overlooked, for Sandringham is on the east coast, very handy for German bombs.

To date none had fallen, but there was no guarantee they would not come.

After the collapse of Poland the phony war was in full swing, but the air was full of an unpleasant sensation of waiting for worse to come.

Please turn to page 22

The famous ANTI-SHRINK by Grafton

Now in SHIRTS by 'Beaucaire'

Note: Collar is tailored to take tie with Windsor Knot.

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Economy or extra work offsets rising prices

HOME HAIRCUT cuts expenses. Mrs. L. Ransom, of Kingsgrove, N.S.W., trims the blonde hair of her daughter Jenny.

LUNCH IN THE OFFICE is shared by Joan Massey, Pat Campbell, and Margaret Pilgrim, who work at Red Cross House, Sydney. A restaurant lunch has become a luxury to the average business girl.

High cost of living means much contriving for housewives

All over Australia living costs have risen to a point where almost every family must practise economies that were never necessary before or take on extra work.

The sheer impossibility of keeping to former standards of living, food, and clothing has become apparent to every woman who has sat down with a pencil and paper and tried to budget along the old lines for herself and family.

THIS challenge of a fixed income and soaring prices has been met by various people in various ways.

Some men have become home shoe repairers, more people are careful not to waste electric light, and whole families are again turning to parlor and card games instead of seeking amusements outside the home.

Holidays away from home have become out of the question for many workers, and family library subscriptions are being cut down from three to two books, and so on.

In many houses where coffee is drunk, the left-over is no longer poured down the sink, but kept and re-heated.

Chokoes, so long regarded as the most unglamorous of backyard vegetables, are being assiduously cultivated on many a suburban fence. When every penny counts, their versatility makes them a blessing to the harassed housewife.

She can serve them as a vegetable, stewed—with cinnamon—as substitute pears, and, when they are plentiful, use them to make chutney, jam, and pickles.

In Sydney, firms specialising in garment dyeing report that instead of getting a new dress numbers of their customers are making do by changing the color of an old frock and adding new trimming.

Hundreds of women and girls, instead of buying an expensive new lipstick, are buying refills and saving almost half the price. Business girls, who formerly could afford a hair-set and manicure before keeping a date, are taking turns to act as beauticians to each other.

All these economies are small enough in themselves, but if practised sufficiently widely may have the effect of checking price rises.

This was proved recently when in Melbourne and Sydney shoppers imposed a virtual ban on lamb.

In England, the nation's housewives last month staged a buyers' strike in protest against the unreasonably high price of fish. After a day or so the prices dropped.

Buying three to four pints of milk a day, Mrs. C. Vasey, of 4 Davies St., Chatswood, N.S.W., mother of a 15-month-old baby, says that it is her milk bills that worry her.

"We can't cut down on the milk for Peter, but when it's for my husband and myself I sometimes find it economical now to use powdered milk," she said.

An electrical fitter working for a firm of Chatswood engineers, Cliff Vasey spends his week-ends cultivating the backyard vegetable garden, the produce from which reduces the weekly bills by at least 12/-.

"I have found making my own cakes a definite saving," Mrs. Vasey said.

Her pet economy is a quickly made steamed pudding to give bulk after a light first course.

"It is called Quick and Easy Steamed Pudding," she said.

It can be flavored with dates, jam, golden syrup, or spice. The recipe is: One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ¾ cup milk. Steam in a greased basin for half an hour.

Lunch in town for business people has always been a fairly heavy expense. Now that restaurants are charging 2/9 to 3/- for the most insubstantial mid-day meal, hundreds of men and women who have never done so before are forced to take a home-cut lunch to the office.

Mrs. M. E. Stone, president of the Australian Women's Mutual Aid Association, said: "With children's clothing virtually beyond reach of those within the £7/15/- to £8/15/- per week wage group, mothers who can't dressmake are buying material and patterns and getting friends to make them up, while they do the friends' washing or ironing."

HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES and home-made cakes help keep down housekeeping expenses in the Chatswood, Sydney, home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Vasey, here shown in their kitchen with their son Peter.

Meagre meals

AS an example of the effect spiralling prices have had on low income brackets, Mrs. Stone quoted this case: So that her husband can still have his hot meal when he comes home at night, one housewife buys two chops, adds barley and vegetables to the water in which they are cooked, gives this soup to the children and herself, and serves the chops as a fricassee to her husband.

Expensive forms of amusement have been one of the first items curtailed by many in an effort to balance the budget.

The young Bernard Quiggs, of 20 Church St., Randwick, Sydney, find that they can halve the cost of a night at the pictures by going to the local show instead of into town.

The mother of two sons, John, 14, and Ian, three, Mrs. D. Lambert, of Lane Cove, Sydney, says she is doing her best to meet the challenge of soaring prices by a general tightening up of family expenditure.

"I have always knitted our own woollens, but now that prices are so high, instead of using new wool, I am going to look through our old things and see what wool can be unravelled and used again," she said.

With a husband and three sons to feed, Mrs. J. King, of Shenton Park, Perth, finds that by copying the thrifty French habit of buying second best vegetables and putting them all into a stock pot, and buying scrag end of mutton instead of beefsteak, she just manages to keep within her housekeeping allowance.

Mrs. Dulcie Hadden, wife of a Perth commercial photographer, has given up buying bacon, and instead of getting her milk by the bottle now puts the billy out and gets it at the cheaper bulk rate.

To cut down the meat bill, Mr. Hadden gets up at five o'clock on certain mornings of the week and catches a fish dinner from the Swan River.

Until prices settle down newly married Margaret and Reg Osborne, of West Perth, are living in a partly furnished flat. This year Mrs. Osborne says she is going to do without stockings as far into the winter as she can. She has stopped buying hats, and only wears one when she goes to church.

A different kind of economy is being felt keenly by a young Adelaide couple, who both work, and up till now have always attended the season of symphony concerts. This year, they say, they simply can't afford this luxury.

Many have given up or curtailed their smoking. A Perth man when asked how he was grappling with the high cost of living raised an interesting point.

"I decided to give up smoking and within six months my weight had gone up two stone and I developed a tremendous appetite. The question then arose whether it was cheaper to pay for the extra food at its meteoric price, or take up smoking again," he said.

Our survey showed that the most universal "doing without" for women is sacrifice of any leisure formerly snatched between household jobs.

Hundreds of them do outside jobs to eke out their family budget. "It's a 12-hour-a-day job for us to exist," says one cashier at a Melbourne cafe, who is the mother of two children.

Some women are able to do work in their own homes. One Brisbane woman, for instance, is doing knitting orders at home to raise the money for her winter coat.

Mrs. Jack Holt, wife of a Hampton (Vic.) bus driver, looks after a household of four sons, aged between 20 and six. She also does three days' work a week in a local greengrocer's shop. This family is typical of thousands whose members all work and pool resources to keep up their standard of living.

Daily wash

ONE Adelaide housewife provides an example of the extra work that can be made by the high cost of living. She has a family of twelve children, and they are all so short of clothes that she washes and irons every day so that they can keep up appearances.

Favorite hobby of rabbit shooting at week-ends has been cut out by Percy Fear, young cleaner at a Melbourne film theatre.

"Cartridges are too dear," he says.

Hardest hit by the cost of living spiral are war widows with families, says Mrs. George Vasey, president of the War Widows' Guild. Their pensions and allowances enable them to buy literally only enough food for survival.

One war widow of Bentleigh, Vic., with two children, makes meat her main economy. Her family live on tripe when they can get it, and have stewing steak once a fortnight.

Another war widow who has brought up six children has not had a new hat for ten years. Shoes that have been discarded by friends she soles for the family.

Sheets have become a problem for another war widow with two children. She cannot afford to pay the price of new sheets, so she is making patchwork sheets from old clothes.

SHARED FLAT allows Melbourne girls Elizabeth Schleicher and Diana Plumer to save on housekeeping and rent.

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Editorial

MAY 13, 1950

MOTHER'S DAY

NEXT Sunday, mothers from nineteen to ninety will be happy in the flowers and gifts that come to them for Mother's Day.

Australia has done much for her mothers with baby health services, maternity allowances, and child endowment.

But there is no room for complacency while the joy of motherhood is spoiled for so many by the housing shortage.

Too many parents to-day are trying to raise a family in other people's houses, or in sub-standard dwellings.

Many of them fear rather than hope for the arrival of another child. It is the mother who suffers most from the makeshift conditions. She must endure the feminine torture of the shared kitchen, and must hush the natural exuberance of her young out of consideration for other people in the house.

A constant worry is the need to sacrifice children's training and discipline to keeping the peace.

Many such mothers must often reflect that the much-sung glory of their state has no shine without a shrine. Family life needs a real home for its setting, and mothers find that the fire of family affection is hard to keep alive on somebody else's hearth.

Perhaps even more than in the generations before her, the harassed young mother of 1950 has earned the tributes that will come to her this Sunday.

It will be more truly Mother's Day when Australia has found a home in which each one of its mothers can be queen.

FLORA MACDONALD: *Heroine of Hebrides*

FAMOUS WOMEN

THE heroine of Bonnie Prince Charlie's escape from Scotland, Flora Macdonald, had her first taste of adventure when she was only nine years old.

It was then that an impatient suitor of her widowed mother, refusing to take no for an answer, rowed over one night to their little island with eight of his wild Highland clansmen. He had come, with a piper to drown the screams, to kidnap the bride he wanted, together with Flora and her small brother Angus.

This was not an uncommon practice in the Highlands of Scotland in those days. Mrs. Macdonald had long refused the match, but when it was forced upon her she accepted her new husband and later became very devoted to him. He was her kinsman, Hugh Macdonald, of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye.

Flora's father was Ranald Macdonald, of Milton, in South Uist, one of the most distant of the Western Isles (the Hebrides) off the coast of Scotland. He belonged to the ancient line of Clanranald chiefs. Her mother was also a Macdonald.

Flora was born in 1722, and Angus a couple of years later. Their father died when they were very young. After their mother became the wife of Hugh Macdonald the family returned to Uist, where he managed their estates.

He was always a kind stepfather to his wife's children. Seventeen years after his marriage Hugh and his family moved to Armadale in Skye.

From the age of nine, until her part in the escape of the Stuart Prince made her at 24 a historic figure, little is known of Flora's life.

Some accounts say that when she met Prince Charles she had only once left her native isles on a short visit to the mainland.

Others say she was educated in Edinburgh at a "select school for young ladies" kept by a Miss Henderson in the Old Stamp-Office Close. When she returned to the Western Isles, according to this account, she did not go to Skye with her mother, but stayed to housekeep for her brother on their father's farm at Uist.

But all accounts agree that when she met the Prince she was a handsome, intelligent girl, charming and well educated. She was a great favorite at the house of Clanranald, chief of her clan, who lived at Nunton on Benbecula, a small island between the islands of North and South Uist. It was probably there that she first learned that Prince Charles was hiding in the nearby glens.

Charles' first attempt to wrest the throne of England from the Hanoverian George II began when he sailed from France aboard a small ship, with a few supporters, to land at the small island of Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides on a drizzling July day in 1745.

Though the Highland chiefs, having been left much to themselves by the government of George II, were not altogether anxious to disturb the current state of affairs, they rallied to the call of the House of Stuart.

Five months later Charles reached the English border with an army of Highlanders. Charles, 25 years old, was a brilliant leader and a forceful personality. He tried in every way to be one of his men—he could run faster, jump higher, and outwrestle any of them.

Within 100 miles of London, his councillors feared failure, and against his will Charles was forced to retreat into Scotland.

It was a tired, hungry band that the Duke of Cumberland defeated at Culloden in April, 1746, one of the most cruel slaughters in the whole of Highland history.

The Prince escaped and rode westward, and eventually reached the coast, determined to go to France and obtain help for another rising in England and Scotland.

On a stormy night Charles and his friends crossed from the mainland to Benbecula. Unfortunately they just missed two French ships which would have taken Charles back to France.

At Benbecula he sent word to the old chief Clanranald, who arranged for him to reach Stornoway. Then, on May 14, he went to Corrodale, in South Uist, where he hid for 21 days.

Many of the clansmen who visited him there were nominally members of the Hanoverian militia, but although there was a price of £30,000 on his head—a fortune even to landowning clan chieftains—no Highlander ever claimed the reward.

Soon his friends realised he must leave Uist because the militia knew he was hiding there. Flora Macdonald's stepfather, who was captain of a company of the Skye militia—and under orders to arrest Charles—suggested a plan for his escape.

Flora was to visit her mother on Skye, using the excuse that the presence of so many soldiers on Uist made her nervous.

A pass would be provided for her and for an Irish serving-girl, "Betty Burke," who in reality would be Prince Charles. One man from the Prince's party, Neil MacEachainn, would go with them to direct the boatmen and act as bodyguard. In Skye, Lady Macdonald, the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, would help the Prince and hide him till the hue and cry was over.

After sunset on June 21, Prince Charlie and two companions, MacEachainn and another, O'Neil, came out of hiding near Loch Boisdale, on South Uist, and crept down to a small hut, where Flora had gone ostensibly to look after her brother's cattle. The meeting was to arrange the final details of the escape.

The Prince had never seen Flora before. It was a night of full moon, and also of the longest day, when in the Outer Hebrides there is no real darkness. As they crept across the wild moors Charles must have wondered about this girl who was prepared to risk her life to save his. They reached the hut about midnight—Flora was sleeping. MacEachainn gave full details of this meeting in a narrative of the adventure: "She got scarcely on the half of her clothes when the Prince, with his baggage upon his back, was at the door and saluting her very kindly; after which she brought to him a part of the best cheer she had, among the rest was a large bowl full of cream, of which he took two hearty go-downs, and his fellow travellers swallowed all the rest."

Her part in the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie earned her undying fame

They asked Flora if she were still prepared to run the risk of helping the Prince escape, and Flora afterwards said that she was only persuaded with difficulty, mainly because she was afraid of implicating her friend, Sir Alexander Macdonald, on Skye, whose wife was to shelter Charles.

But it was pointed out to her that as Sir Alexander was with Cumberland's Army at Fort Augustus no suspicion could attach to him.

After this meeting Flora went back to the house of Clanranald on Benbecula. The crossing from South Uist to Benbecula could be made on foot at low tide.

When Flora did not return the next day, the Prince sent MacEachainn to find out what had happened. When he reached the crossing the tide was high. The approaches to Benbecula were guarded by the Skye militia, who captured him and held him for questioning by the captain of the guard.

Fortunately this officer was Hugh Macdonald, and MacEachainn was pleased to find Flora at breakfast with her stepfather. Flora had been stopped because she had no pass. Hugh Macdonald set them both free, and while Flora went to Clanranald for food and clothing MacEachainn hurried back to Charles.

That night, at low tide, Charles, MacEachainn, and O'Neil crossed to Benbecula. A biting wind blew across the low, rocky island; drenching rain made the journey slow and miserable.

Hours later they arrived at Clanranald's house only to find that 20 men of the Skye militia were there, so they stayed in a small hut about a mile away. On June 27 news came that everything was ready for the journey to Skye.

Prince Charles was helping to prepare the evening meal when Flora, her brother Angus, and Clanranald's wife and daughter arrived.

In the middle of this meal, a herdsman arrived to say that General Campbell, one of Cumberland's generals, was landing his men three miles away.

The fugitives and their friends hurried to their boat and rowed all night, first stage of their journey.

Continued on page 34

FLORA MACDONALD (left) and Prince Charles, disguised as a girl for his escape with Flora.

A BOY OR A GIRL?

A GERMAN doctor claims he can tell the sex of an unborn baby by looking for tell-tale signs in the mother's eyes.

He says that his method has never failed. The Health Department of the German State of Hesse is investigating his claims.

People have been trying for more than 3000 years to find a reliable way to predict sex. Some of the methods which have been suggested are:

Studying the vigor of the parents. The stronger parent was supposed to produce a baby of the opposite sex.

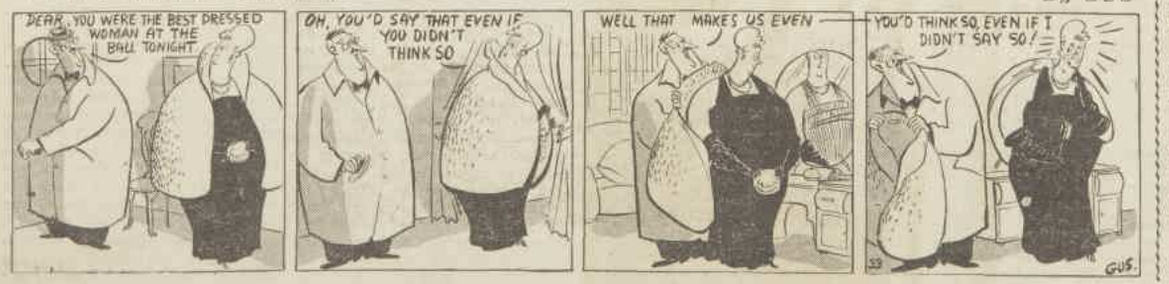
Counting the heartbeats of the unborn baby. More than 145 a minute suggested a girl; less than 125, a boy.

Sex prediction, particularly the German doctor's method, is discussed in A.M. for May, now on sale.

No magazine gives a wider cover of fact, fiction, picture stories, and sport than A.M. Price is still 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



10 Good Stories of mystery and thrills this month for 1/- . . . . Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine to-day!

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WED IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woods leave Holy Trinity Church, Knightsbridge, after their marriage. Best man Captain Des Barnes, of Sydney (left); Peter's mother, Mrs. N. E. Woods; bridegroom and bride; bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Edwards; and Peter's uncle, Mr. Norman Perkins. Peter is son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Woods, of Edgecliff. Bride formerly Vivian Edwards, of Malvern, Victoria.

WED AT SHORE CHAPEL. Ross Green and his bride, formerly Betty Johnson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Johnson, of Mosman, leave Shore Chapel for reception at Windsor Gardens. Ross is second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Green, of Chatswood.

COCKTAILS AT PICKWICK CLUB. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dudley, of Austral, chat with Betty Field (left) at party at Pickwick Club given by the Dudleys before Mrs. Dudley leaves in Capota for trip abroad.

Intimate Jottings

DOCTORS and their wives from all States and overseas will arrive in Brisbane for the Australian Medical Congress, beginning on May 27.

A full social programme is being arranged by wives of Brisbane doctors, busiest of whom is Mrs. Alex Murphy, whose husband, Dr. Murphy, is president of the Congress, which ends on June 3.

One hundred and fifty doctors from New South Wales will attend conference, many with their wives. Among them will be vice-president of Congress, Dr. and Mrs. Archie Collins; Dr. and Mrs. Holmes a'Court, Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Morrow, Dr. Selwyn Nelson and his wife, Dr. Willa Nelson, and Dr. Ben Edye.

Distinguished visitors from overseas will include Professor F. J. Browne, of London, Drs. Daniel Blum and Louis Diamond, from America; Professor B. T. Mayes, of Sydney, and Dr. H. W. Wunderley, from Canberra.

• • •

LOTS of farewell parties being arranged in Adelaide for popular Rosemary Norrie before she leaves for England. Governor's attractive daughter, who has made many visits to Sydney, will be missed by circle of young friends. Governor, Sir Willoughby Norrie, who is also going to England, precedes her by few days when he flies off.

He will join Lady Norrie and the children, who leave earlier by ship, at their home in Tetbury, in Gloucestershire. The Governor and Lady Norrie will return later in year to Adelaide.

HAGGIS ON TOAST. Australian Sandra Jacques hands Lord Sempill, of Forbes, and Pipe-Major Angus MacAnly haggis on toast at party at opening of Highland Industries shop in London.

TO LIVE IN BRISBANE. Mrs. E. C. Rhodes (right), wife of Captain E. C. Rhodes, new private secretary to the Governor of Queensland, and her daughter Jane, who will be attached to secretarial staff of A.B.C. in Brisbane, photographed in Brisbane with Mrs. Norman Pirley (left), who helps with house-hunting.

LUCKY lasses Valmae Creak and Joan Miller are off on the Manoora in June for trip to the Barrier Reef. Valmae, who is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Creak, of Earlwood, recently celebrated twenty-first birthday.

• • •

ROYAL Prince Edward Yacht Club at Point Piper will be scene of gay cocktail dance this Wednesday, when party is held to defray expenses of Cavalcade of Song Concerts to be held in aid of T.B. Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen's Association at Town Hall. President of cocktail dance is attractive Mrs. Frank Dunworth, and joint honorary secretaries are Anne McCauley and Anne Berryman.

• • •

INVITATION issued by Douglas Robertsons, of Turanville, Scone, to their many country friends for gymkhana at Turanville on May 20. Everyone keeping their fingers crossed for fine weather, as their last gymkhana was washed out a few hours before starting time.

FROM RIVERINA. Boyd Massina, of Pine Hill, Deniliquin, and his bride, formerly Diana Wragge, of Yeloke, Deniliquin, at Menzies Hotel, Melbourne, after marriage at Melbourne Grammar Chapel. Attendants were Katherine Winter Irving and Jim Handbury (in picture), and Dick Massina and Margaret Wragge.

TWO brides to choose Coolangatta for their honeymoons are attractive lasses Dorothy Watson, who married John Hammond at St. Andrew's Church of England, Cronulla; and Lorna Blum, who married Geoffrey Heyne, of Wollongong, at St. Jude's, Randwick.

Dorothy, who is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Watson, of Cronulla, will make her future home at Cronulla.

Lorna is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Blum, of Katoomba.

POUND of tea is most precious item in Paul Foley's luggage when he arrives from America by Pan-Air to produce "Harvey," American and English play hit. Tea is for star of play, Joe E. Brown, who has come to Australia for role, and who is confirmed tea-drinker. Joe E. heard that tea was rationed, and began to get worried he wouldn't be able to have his usual "cuppa."

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BRIEFLY: Future home at Donny Brook, Oberon, for newlyweds Jean and Lloyd Whalan, who were married recently. Bride formerly Jean Duncan, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Duncan, of Ivanhoe, and the late Mrs. Duncan . . . Irene Hilton, of Kirribilli, who has recently been made a member of the Royal Art Society of New South Wales, hopes to hold exhibition of her work later in the year . . Honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise for Winifred and John Micallef, who were married recently.

Joyce

COUNTRY INTEREST. David Craig and his bride, formerly Thora Killen, daughter of the E. L. Killens, of Pine Park, Wellington, leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with attendants, Tony Muston, Huck Finlay, bride's sister, Diana Killen, and Barbara Rofe. Bridegroom's young daughter, Robin, is flower girl.

INDEPENDENCE DAY PARTY. Mrs. Roy McKerihan (left), Mrs. Orsen Nielsen, wife of the American Consul-General, and Mrs. Y. H. Levin at party given by Charge d'Affaires of Israel (Mr. Y. H. Levin) and Mrs. Levin at their Point Piper home in celebration of Israel's Independence Day.

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MINISTER FOR HEALTH Janice Stenton (11) answers question put by Leader of Opposition George Shimmin in school parliament run by pupils at North Newtown (N.S.W.) Demonstration School.

Lively school parliament

Hon. members conduct business of house with great realism

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Once a week parliament meets for an hour in a classroom at the North Newtown Demonstration School with appropriate oratory, interjections, questions, and evasions.

OBJECT of this parliament, suggested by masters of the school, is to train children in democracy. The children's keenness provides ample evidence that the training is most effective.

Average age of hon. members is 11-12, the Premier, Barbara Mork, is the first of her sex in Australia to hold that position, and, contrary to the way most politicians would feel, the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. George Shimmin (11), is pleased his party is not occupying the Government benches.

George, a fiery character with the gift of the gab, says that firing questions at the Government is the best part of politics.

Even Premier Mork feels that success sometimes has disadvantages.

We were privileged to be in the Press gallery in the sixth classroom, when parliament opened for the first time.

Elections held the week before had worked the 200 school pupils into a fever of excitement.

The school was divided into five electorates, and leader of the Progress Party, Barbara Mork, and George Shimmin, of the Welfare Party, stated their parties' platforms in the playground and over the school amplifier.

In an exclusive interview, Barbara Mork told us the plans of the Government.

"My policy," said Barbara, adjusting a blue ribbon on a pigtail, "is to get overdue library books brought back. We intend to raise money for school equipment, too."

But the Opposition is openly scornful.

Mr. Shimmin confided: "They won't last long. We'll boo them out of office; naturally we're out for revenge after the way the elections went.

"Every time we tried to speak they rushed around booing at us."

Dux of the school, bespectacled William Challis, was saving up two questions intended to oust the Government in double-quick time.

"They said that if they were elected they'd get us out of school five minutes earlier in the afternoons," quoted William. "And they promised they'd arrange three play periods a day instead of two. Well, I'm going to ask them just how they propose to work this.

"Personally I think they were after votes," he hissed confidentially in our ear.

The meeting of the first parliament was full of drama from the moment that the returning officer, 12-year-old Ray Ferguson, rang the bell to call members to the House.

After the business of electing a speaker for the week (William Challis), Question Time began. (Bill would become Deputy-Leader of the Opposition the next week, and then be able to ask his questions.)

Opposition member Douglas Scott sprang to his feet and said: "I wish to address a question without notice to the Hon. the Minister for Health. Have you appointed anyone to pick up rubbish in the playground, and what will the plan be?"

Minister for Health, Janice Stenton (inaudibly): "I didn't have time."

Miss Stenton, aged 11, with a sun-tanned face and curly hair, had barely sat down before George Shimmin (Opposition leader) had another question for her.

"Why weren't you and your helpers watching the children's hands as they went into school?" asked Mr. Shimmin sternly. "When I passed through no one was looking at the hands except Sir!"

Miss Stenton struggled to her feet, thought deeply, and said nothing.

Speaker (after long pause): "Will somebody please speak?"

Minister for Health "All the girls showed their hands."

Leader of the Opposition: "Boys' hands need to be looked at just as closely." (Laughter.)

MR. SPEAKER, Bill Challis, emphasises a call for order by pointing at an offending member.

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PUBLIC GALLERY at back of classroom is vantage point for critical electors. John Hellier (centre) has just said "there's too much talking going on" for his liking.

The next question was addressed to the Minister for Agriculture (Miss Pat Scherf).

"Are the garden jobs done?"

Minister for Agriculture (loudly and indignantly): "You know we're only just starting on it. We haven't had time to arrange anything yet."

Opposition (in chorus): "It's time you did."

After this, parliament was adjourned for a week.

Children voted by marking specially printed cards which followed the usual pattern. Only three informal votes were recorded.

The school parliament is run on orthodox lines. All parliamentary problems concern the school itself. "Party" politics will not be allowed to become rigid, and already members are feeling that they may stand next time as Independents.

In the course of the term the pupils will visit Parliament House to see how their elders conduct the affairs of the State.

PAT SCHERF, Minister for Agriculture, is keen gardener at home. Premier Barbara Mork (front) turns round to utter encouraging "Hear, Hear!" to Minister's reply during Question Time.

OPPOSITION LEADER George Shimmin likes firing questions at the Government. He's just putting another curly one.

GLOOM in visitors' gallery is probably due to fact that parliament is adjourned and, like honorable members, occupants will have to turn their attention to lessons again. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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says

Harold Williams

Internationally famous Australian Baritone

Mr. Williams recently returned to Australia after a most successful three years in England. During his stay, he sang at the London and Edinburgh Festivals as well as giving concert and opera performances almost every day.

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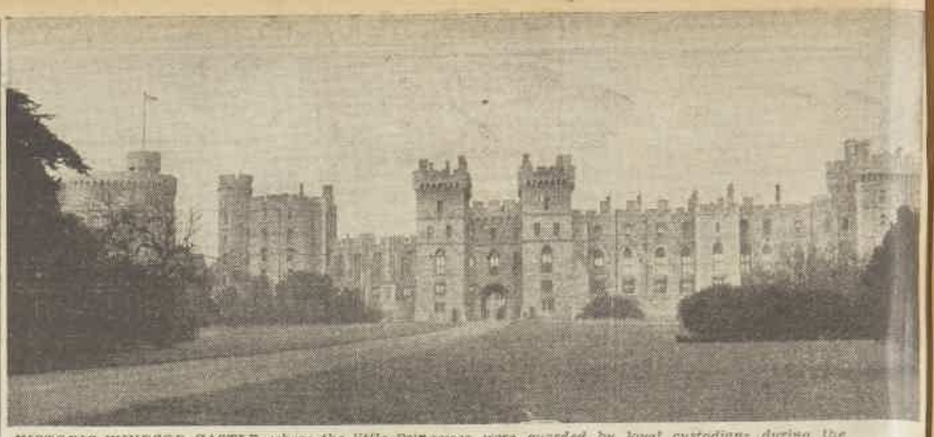

HISTORIC WINDSOR CASTLE, where the little Princesses were guarded by loyal custodians during the perilous days of the blitz. They spent their nights in the air-raid shelter under the Castle, but Elizabeth was always anxious to come up to see what was going on.

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 15

THE Christmas routine at Sandringham was the same year after year.

The children would have resented any change in it, as of old they had objected to my altering a word of a familiar and loved story.

The Christmas tree was always lit on Christmas Eve—a custom which I believe came from Germany — Christmas dinner being the high spot of Christmas Day.

Everyone had his own table with his presents laid out.

The housekeeper had found out beforehand what the maids hoped for, the steward had done the same for the menservants.

The King and Queen shook hands with every member of their staff after the present giving. Before the war, the household got whatever they had wished for.

This was to be the last of the familiar Christmases for some time, but no one knew it then.

As Lilibet wrote me in one of her letters, perhaps we had all been too happy.

Afterwards, when we were all together again, she said wistfully, "I kept thinking of those sailors, Crawfie, and what Christmas must have been like in their homes."

Then I got a wire from the Queen asking me to go to Royal Lodge. I went and found the children there, and we remained until the twelfth of May, 1940.

Between February and May at Royal Lodge we had a really happy time.

You couldn't be anything else but fairly happy there. There weren't the anxious faces one would see in London.

While we were at Royal Lodge there was a great urge to collect old iron all over the country.

We started to do that, and we became absolute pests to everybody in Windsor Great Park.

We walked along with a big garden cart and kept adding to our collection.

Once we found an old railing which was embedded in the ground, and excavated that.

We went to the Royal rubbish heap and got old pails, pots, iron nuts—in short, anything at all that was made of iron—and we became very, very proud of our collection, which we put in a certain part of the ground.

When the King came to see it he simply collapsed with laughter.

There was one pail of very rusty old nails which perhaps could not have been made into anything, and there were a few enamel pots, old buckets, and basins.

But in time he, too, became interested and used to add an old handle or a tin bucket to it.

In the end the scrap was all taken away, to make war machinery, we hoped.

The Queen never showed that she was worried. At that time she seemed to drop her cares at the gates of Royal Lodge and became just Mummie during her stay there.

We discussed the war and what would be coming in the future.

Many other children from among their own friends were being sent away to safety, but there was no talk of the Princesses' going.

Later on, it was discussed in some of the papers, and I believe some of the Ministers were in favor of it, but the idea was turned down.

"The children could not go without me," the Queen said simply, "and I could not possibly leave the King."

We joined up again with the Girl Guide company and got the village children and the evacuees to join up too.

In the village school there were about thirty evacuee children from the East End of London. We all became very good friends, and like most real Cockneys these East End children were easy to get on with and made nothing at all of their suddenly changed surroundings.

But I think what they loved most was the delicious meals we provided for them at picnics, and they enjoyed the long hikes with us in the woods.

At week-ends when the King and Queen came down to Royal Lodge, messengers would arrive at all hours with tidings. Usually bad.

I remember once, later on, when we were all at Windsor Castle and a long black car hurtled into the courtyard below, undoubtedly bringing a load of trouble, Margaret looked down from the ramparts we were standing on and remarked:

"Boiling lead was a pretty good idea."

We were leaning over the wall where once guards are said to have poured this down on invaders.

At Royal Lodge we got the schoolroom routine going once again.

There were numerous other children staying in and around Windsor, and I got a dancing class up for all of them, which was held once a week.

We kept it for little girls only. The Princesses had no brothers. They did not understand the antics of little boys, and this did not seem to be the moment to teach them.

Miss Vacani, a famous London dancing mistress, used to come out to us there.

The little girls came with their nannies, wearing their party frocks, and afterwards we gave them tea. It made a bright break in those gloomy war days.

Lilibet resumed her lessons with Sir Henry Marten at Eton College.

As we came and went through the crowded quadrangle, I often wondered sadly how many of the boys we saw there would come

THEIR VICTORY GARDEN was one of the main interests of the Princesses in their wartime retreat at Windsor Castle. In their own garden they carried out every scrap of work themselves.

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WEEK-END RELAXATION for the King and Queen and their young daughters. During the war years the Royal couple spent the week in London, but visited the Princesses each week-end at Windsor Castle.

through the war years. A great many of them never did.

In London the King and Queen led a busy and wearing life. The King was incessantly in touch with his Ministers, the Queen encouraged the various war efforts and organisations, and visited the bombed areas.

Her gentle sympathy must have been a great comfort to many poor people in those days.

There was one point in the war when different kings and queens were arriving at Buckingham Palace, and the place was full of them.

One day, Queen Wilhelmina arrived with nothing but the clothes she stood up in.

There was a great deal of hasty shopping to be done, and the Queen instructed her own dressmakers to call upon the Dutch Queen, who needed a hat.

So large boxes full of hats were sent round for her to choose from, but none of them appealed at all to Her Majesty.

At last she looked up at the middle-aged woman dressed in neat black who had come along to carry the boxes and was wearing a sensible black hat with a brim.

"There you are. That," said Queen Wilhelmina firmly, "is the hat for me!"

There was incessant activity of people arriving and people going, not knowing where they were going to, or whether they would come back again, or whether they would retain their thrones.

All who came were made welcome by the King and Queen, who threw their homes open to them for as long as they cared to stay, just as other folk took in their stranded neighbors.

Sometimes during the week-end the Queen would come to my room when the children were in bed and talk to me very anxiously, as any mother might at such a time.

Her Majesty had the same conviction as I and so many other women I spoke to.

We knew in our hearts we would come through, however hard and bitter the way. We knew in our hearts no invasion would take place. It was a case of woman's intuition, but once again it was proved right.

I remember how one night she paused in the doorway as she left my room and smiled at me. "We little thought, did we, Crawfie, all we would have to go through," she said.

Everyone on the estate had evacuee children living with them, mostly from the East End.

They were a lot more intelligent as well as considerably cleaner than our previous experience had led us to find the Glasgow children.

Many of them joined our Guide company, and the little Princesses took a great interest in them all, soon got to know their names, and now the old cry of "Wait for me, Lilibet," echoed round once more in all sorts of accents, Cockney predominating.

From time to time these same children, now grown up, cross the Princesses' path, and it is always an immense pleasure to them to find they are remembered, often in spite of considerable changes in shape and size.

On her way to Italy, Margaret paused on her journey through the airport to say, "Hallo, Joe. Fancy seeing you here!" to a pretty air hostess who had been one of our Guide company.

She remembered the Princess well enough, but probably never expected the Princess would remember her.

It was amusing and no doubt very instructive for the two Princesses to mingle with the children there, for if among the children of Court and other officials there had been a tendency to let them have an advantage, win a game, or be relieved of the more sordid tasks, there was nothing of the kind now. It was each for herself.

New friendships

When we went hiking the Princesses found left for them a very fair share indeed of the dirty work, like gathering firewood and scavenging up.

When we camped out in the grounds of Windsor Castle I remember seeing Lilibet standing and looking ruefully at a large cauldron full of greasy dishes into which she had to plunge her arms and do the washing up.

They were always extremely good about anything like this, and never in all my time with them did I come across any malingering or efforts to bilk unpleasant jobs.

Please turn to page 26

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Mr. Pompton's Baby

INDIGNANTLY, Mr. Pompton drew himself so erect his thin shoulder blades all but mapped.

"She's the right weight to the ounce," he rejoined, his voice trembling with fury. "To the ounce!"

"Well, all right," said the man. "Just an expression of opinion, that's all."

Fortunately, he went his way. Mr. Pompton looked with some concern at the insulted Coralie, who had been sleeping. In that instant she awoke—yawned her lopsided, carefree yawn—then, suddenly, smiled at Mr. Pompton and stretched out her arms.

After a second or two Mr. Pompton gathered courage. He picked her up. Then he sat on the park bench and held her, while her eyes roved wonderingly over his face, with all its separate features, as if it had been a map of Africa.

Into Mr. Pompton's heart stole such a quiet ecstasy it seemed more than he could bear.

Before he put her back in her pram he whispered in her ear, careful not to touch her because she was too fresh and sweet and delicate for him ever to touch.

"You're not too fat," he whispered. "Don't you believe it. Not a bit too fat."

Coralie's benign attention was diverted at this moment. The young man had appeared. He was without his girl, and he looked haggard and disconsolate. Mr. Pompton eyed him in timid sympathy.

"Where's Helen? That is," he added, "if I'm not being forward?"

Young Bert Ames sank to the bench and propped his head between his hands.

"Helen and I," he said, "have had a terrible fight."

"A lover's quarrel," Mr. Pompton suggested, more genteelly.

"No," Bert said. "It was a fight. It wasn't anything that can be patched up. We're through."

Mr. Pompton went back over 50 years, and searched among his memories.

"Another young man?" he inquired.

"Oh, no, it was her father. She said I made a crack about him."

"Did you?"

"Yes, but she made one first." The boy looked desperately at Mr. Pompton. "I'll tell you how it was and you can see for yourself."

Mr. Pompton rescued Coralie's rattle, which she had tossed out of the pram.

"Do go on," he said.

"Well, Helen's father is quite a person in his own way—a printer by trade, and a good one. Makes a good living for the family and doesn't drink."

"Now that's fine," said Mr. Pompton.

"Yes, but he's got a temper that would blast you from here to breakfast. You never saw such a temper. So sooner or later there's a fight with the boss or the foreman or whoever it might be—and Helen's old man is out of a job again. But he always gets another job.

"That part of it's all right. But the other day he was bounced out of some shop just for a change and Helen told me about it. She said, 'Dad's got a terrible temper.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Pompton.

"Well, I agreed, as anybody would, and then I said, 'If your old man keeps that chip on his shoulder, he's never going to hold a job for more than ten minutes as long as he lives. Your old man ought to wake up to himself.'

"That was all I said, so help me, and it was just agreeing with what she'd said herself."

"Yes . . . Well, they don't always like you to agree with them."

"What?"

"Nothing . . . Do go on."

"That's all. Helen got very angry and told me I'd poured contempt on her whole family and she never wanted to see me again. She gave me this back."

Continued from page 4

Bert produced a small ring, with a diamond so small as to be almost invisible. Both the young man and the old man looked at it unhappily.

"Haven't you tried to explain?"

"I wrote her a long letter and explained to her how unreasonable her attitude had been—but I'd overlook it, I said, and never allude to it again because I was in love with her. That was fair enough, wasn't it?"

Mr. Pompton shook his head.

"Women," he said, "are pretty often unreasonable, but it doesn't do much good to say so. My own dear wife—I lost her many years ago—she was a good woman, a fine woman—but she wasn't reasonable as a man understands it. I got over expecting it."

Bert frowned and made a slight motion with his hand. The implication was plain.

He could see little connection between his Helen and Mr. Pompton's late dear wife. Times were different. People were different. Love was different.

"I never got any answer from Helen at all," Bert said, glumly. "You'd think I didn't even exist."

Mr. Pompton wagged his head.

"Isn't that a pity," he said. "And you were planning to be married soon?"

The young man started to speak, and waited a second or two before he went on, his voice having been none too steady.

"Yes," he said, "when we could manage it. I have a night job at an engineering firm—but as soon as I got a rise and got put on the day shift—oh, well! What's the use of talking about it!"

"Why don't you tell Helen you're sorry?"

YOUNG Bert set his jaw. He looked stubborn and he looked very young.

"Because," he said, "I'm not sorry. I said what was just the truth and what she said in the first place. It would go against my principles and my self-respect."

Mr. Pompton said nothing more, but half an hour later he saw Helen. She was alone, and he commented on that fact.

"Were you planning to meet Bert?" he inquired, with a wonderful air of innocence. "Because, if you were, you've just missed him."

"Oh, no! I was hoping I wouldn't run into him. I wouldn't have come to the park at all except it's a free public park and I don't think one person has any right to keep another person out of it!"

"You know," Mr. Pompton said, fixedly eyeing a pram wheel, "I had quite a little chat with Bert just a while back. He was telling me how sorry he was about this whole thing—how he'd been in the wrong all along."

The stars that sprang to Helen's eyes were dazzling to behold.

"He was? He did? Oh, tell me. What happened? What did he say? What did you say?"

"I don't just recollect the whole conversation. He was so ashamed. He thinks you hate him."

"Hate him? Oh, Mr. Pompton! How could he think so? How could he ever think such a thing? After all, it was all my fault in the first place."

Mr. Pompton spoke carefully.

"Why," he said, "don't you just call him up at work and tell him so?"

Helen gave him a smile so radiant it almost took his breath away.

"Why, I will. And you won't ever let him know you talked to me, will you, Mr. Pompton?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Pompton said.

Helen was hurrying out of the park as if wings were bearing her. Mr. Pompton gave Coralie a small wise wink.

Please turn to page 27

EXPLORERS — 1950. First white men to gaze at Australian Alps were explorers Hume and Hovell. In 1915, members of a Melbourne Walking Club reached the summit of Victoria's highest mountain, Mount Bogong. Since then, members from 42 Walking Clubs all over Australia have been testing their endurance against the challenge of mountaineering.

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WORTH Reporting

THOUGH he is still in the nursery, social life is beginning for Prince Charles, who, now that he can walk, has small friends to tea once a week. Usually included is two-year-old Rosemary Elphinstone, whose mother is Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, Princess Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting.

After milk, bread and butter, and nursery cake, the children all sit in a circle on the hearthrug and build houses with Prince Charles' transparent plastic bricks. When Princess Elizabeth has no engagements she joins the party.

Prince Charles is fortunate in having quite a number of relatives near his own age, boys who will be splendid companions for him as he grows older. Besides Prince Michael of Kent and Prince Richard of Gloucester, there is the Hon. Norton Knatchbull, Lord and Lady Brabourne's two-year-old son. Norton is the Duke of Edinburgh's small cousin and Lord and Lady Mountbatten's only grandchild.

Other children in Prince Charles' circle include the baby son of Lady Margaret Hay and the four-year-old daughter and the two-year-old son of Princess Elizabeth's new private secretary, Major the Hon. Martin Charteris.

Writing to friends, Miss Molly Gleeson, of Sydney, who is now in England, says that when she saw the young Prince being taken for an airing in Windsor Park, where the band was playing, he was wearing red shoes. With him was the Queen, who, like any other grandmother, had to lift him up so that he could see the band.

* * *

IN a Copenhagen park grown-ups have been crowding children off the swings and roundabouts. Now a notice has gone up: "Adults admitted only if accompanied by children."

Princess makes shoes for a living

IN the American zone of Germany a 37-year-old Princess of the Royal house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is supporting herself and her six children by making and selling shoes.

She is Princess Caroline Mathilde Helene Ludwiga Augusta Beatrice, whose father, Charles Edward, Duke of Albany, was a direct descendant of Queen Victoria. Her inherited fortune was wiped out by two wars, and most of her property lies out of reach in the Russian zone. She was almost destitute when it was suggested to her in jest that she make shoes.

To-day the little business she began in a modest one-room factory is flourishing, and turns out more than a hundred pairs of shoes a month. These are sold at from four to five dollars a pair.

The Princess makes the fabric tops of the shoes herself, and employs a small staff of men and women to make the soles.

"I think we'll take you off the banana diet."

AT Blackwood, in Monmouthshire, three hundred and fifty old age pensioners have decided to let their hair grow. They have been refused a reduction in charge by the Hairdressers' Federation, and they say they can't possibly afford 1/3 for every hair-cut.

Travelling circus is family affair

THE Perry Bros.' circus follows the sun round Australia for nine months of the year, and goes into its winter quarters at Mentone, Victoria, for the other three. There they rest, rehearse new acts, and break-in new animals.

As the circus plays mainly one-night stands, the 30 men, women, and children who travel with it, a vast miscellany of equipment, an animal menagerie, and the "big top" itself have to be transported almost daily.

With few variations this has been the pattern of Perry family life for just on a century. In gold-rush days great-grandfather Perry started the circus tradition when he decided there was more gold to be made by playing under canvas to canvas-town audiences than there was by digging.

At present Messrs. Albert and Jim Perry run the show, and another brother, Henry, is the trainer at Mentone.

"We all work hard," said Mrs. Jim Perry, a former trapeze artist, when we surprised her at breakfast at their Brighton, Melbourne, stand recently. "Most of us here have been with the circus all our lives and can turn our hand to almost anything."

It is quite usual for Mrs. Albert Perry to walk into an outer suburban butcher's shop and ask for 60lb. of beef for her four lionesses. This represents one day's rations.

The two elephants consume half a ton of hay (at £18 per ton) between them daily. Huge quantities of feed for 22 horses and fruit and vegetables for a cageful of monkeys have also to be added to the day's list of provisions.

Jim Perry estimates the overall running cost of the circus is £400 a week.

The Perrys have added three superstitions peculiarly their own to the long list of taboos circus people believe in. They don't wear green, they don't play first nights on a Friday, and they regard 13 as a fortunate number.

Non-slip corset ribs were her answer

A WOMAN in whom the artistic is combined with the practical is Mrs. Ida Henniker Wilson, of Mosman, Sydney.

As proof of the artistic side of her nature, Mrs. Wilson makes pottery wall plaques. She specialises in three subjects, Waltzing Matilda, Bluebirds of Happiness, and The Cow Jumped Over the Moon.

Mrs. Wilson's cow differs from the usual less patriotic ones in having a small map of Australia included in its markings. "I will be sending Prince Charles a Cow Jumped Over the Moon next year," she said. "But not for his birthday—he gets too many presents then."

The practical side of Mrs. Wilson's nature was responsible for her recently patenting a non-slip corset rib which she will shortly place on the market.

"All my life," this tall and stately lady said, "I have suffered from corset ribs sticking into me and bursting through their covering, tearing underclothing. Once one even dared come right through my skirt."

The new patented ribs, held in place with an ingenious cross-threading, can never wear their way through their casing. As well as being obtainable in a corset designed by the patentee, they will be sold separately to be put in old corsets.

"I have often lived on the royalties brought in by things I have invented," she said. Most financially satisfactory among these was a baby bib, evolved by Mrs. Wilson as a young married woman.

"As well, I've always found life interesting and joyous," she said. "Even walking down the street I'm certain of seeing things that other people don't."

Mrs. Wilson attributes this and her love of the beautiful to having been born under the sign of Venus.

* * *

A NATIONWIDE poll to find out the best-liked name for a woman was recently conducted by an American magazine. The result was overwhelmingly in favor of "Barbara." The Sydney telephone directory gives "Patricia" as the Christian name most favored for business purposes, with Ann and Betty tieing for second place. When we rang one of the "Patricias" and asked if it was her real name, she said she had been christened Beryl, but considered that "Patricia" inspired confidence and sounded aristocratic.

Writer gets plots by novel method

HATCHING plots artificially through the use of a dictionary, which acts as an incubator, is the novel system adopted by Australian short-story writer Richard Lynford, of Melbourne.

When invention fails, he sets out a work sheet, jotting down such appropriate headings as setting, problem, suspense, incident, climax. Words picked at random in a flip through the dictionary are written underneath.

The result looks like a list made out by a vocational guidance psychiatrist. The principle is much the same, as an association of ideas is set up.

Mr. Lynford showed us a work-sheet he had used during the writing of a recently published short story. Among other seemingly unrelated words on it were seaman, search, escape, injured, careen, capsizes, and divorce.

"The system has proved so fruitful that I don't always wait till I'm stuck with a plot," he says.

"By 'secret engagement' I suppose you mean no ring."

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The Little Princesses

Continued from page 23

WE had all the business of ration books and clothing coupons to cope with. Alah let out tucks and put in pleats in great feats of mend and make-do. The whole family had this problem.

The Queen and Queen Mary were given a certain number over and above the ordinary ration for their official clothes and garments for State occasions.

The children had the ordinary allowance, and no more.

FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY portrait of Princess Elizabeth, taken during the year of the Battle of Britain, when she and Margaret were still leading their secluded life at Windsor Castle.

I remember more than once the Queen would stop and say, "There is the very scarf I want!" only to be advised by her dresser that the Royal coupons were already extremely low.

No one minded all this as much as Alah, who would willingly have gone without anything herself, but felt her Princesses ought to have everything they wanted.

The children had already a good store of both winter and summer frocks and suits, and the Queen had done much generous buying at the British Industries and other fairs and bazaars so that there was a large stock of cottons and tweeds on hand.

Sometimes I and the lady-in-waiting were able when in acute distress to get an odd coupon or so from the household pool. Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse, who pays all the palace expenses and manages the King's private income, had a supply for footmen's uniforms and housemaids' dresses, and linen replacements.

But he, too, had to be very careful.

Later the King very wisely put all the men staff at the palace and Windsor Castle into navy-blue battledress, with "G.R. VI" embroidered on the breast pocket.

This was both comfortable and smart. It also did away with the sore problem of laundry, which in those days was one of life's large-sized worries and hit the palace as much as the ordinary housewife.

The palace washing was sent out to a London laundry, which, like all others, was short of staff, transport, and soap, and sheets and pillow-cases, collars and shirts would often be absent from home not the usual week, but a month or even six weeks.

On the twelfth of May the Queen, who was in London with the King, rang me up at eleven o'clock to say, "Crawfie, I think you had better go at once to Windsor Castle, anyway for the rest of the week."

I warned the footmen and Ainslie, and said we had to pack. I had a feeling in my bones when packing that it would be much longer than just a week-end, so I packed all my belongings and all my books which I wanted. Then the children arrived at four, and I told them the news.

At seven o'clock that night we drove down the long walk to Windsor Castle. Alah had only taken clothes for the week-end for the Princesses and herself, and she had to return to Royal Lodge for the rest.

I was the only one who did not have to go back later and repack.

We remained at Windsor Castle for five years until the war ended.

In the gathering twilight of that May evening I saw the great bulk rising out of the shadows as I had seen it on another evening many years before as I came south. Like a fortress in a fairy story. But now we all knew who the ogre was!

A small paragraph appeared in the English and American papers. It said the Royal children had been evacuated to "a house in the country."

Windsor Castle was a fortress, not a home, and we were always very much aware of this.

It is replete with every kind of historical trophy. There is the shirt that Charles I was beheaded in, and the bullet that came out of Nelson's heart, and Bonnie Prince Charlie's sword as well as King Henry VIII's armor.

AMID bomb ruins at Buckingham Palace, The King and Queen, like many other Londoners, saw part of their home wrecked, and they, themselves, had a narrow escape in 1940.

STIRRUP-PUMP PRACTICE for the Royal Family was routine part of the early days of the war, although when air-raids came air-raid precautions were so well organised that there was little that they could do.

It would take years to tell of all the extraordinary things that are preserved there. Though interesting, I personally found them somewhat sinister things to share a shelter with.

It was beginning to get dark when we arrived. We were tired, and it was very gloomy. Pictures had been removed, and all the beautiful glass chandeliers had been taken down. The State apartments were muffled in dust sheets, their glass-fronted cupboards turned to the walls.

About the stone passages the shadowy figures of servants and firemen loomed, attending to the blackout. I remember one old man remarking to me dryly:

"By the time we've blacked out all the windows here, it's morning again, Miss."

The two little girls clung to me apprehensively.

Alah, as always when she was bothered or anxious, was cross.

We none of us quite knew what was going to happen, and Alah and I, at any rate, knew very well that the war was going to enter into a much more definite stage, and that the King and Queen in London were probably in considerable danger.

All night long ghostly figures flitted around, their feet echoing on the stone passages—A.R.P. wardens watching for beams and chinks of light showing through the blackout.

We tried our best to laugh it all off, but that first night most of us had a shiver down our spines and the feeling that the war had caught up with us.

Please turn to page 29

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Mr. Pompton's Baby

Continued from page 24

IT was time, then, to go home. As a matter of fact Mr. Pompton realised vaguely, he wasn't feeling any too well.

The next morning Mr. Pompton had 'flu. Mrs. Jorkins, the landlady, called a doctor, who peered at Mr. Pompton and tapped him here and there.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," he said, as he wrote a prescription. "Just keep to your bed for a few days and let Mrs. Jorkins bring you your meals on a tray."

Mr. Pompton fretted, but only about Coralie, entrusted to some strange baby-sitter, probably some fool of a girl. He resigned himself, however, to sending a message to the Haynes' by way of Mrs. Jorkins. There was nothing else to do.

He was up and dressed before the week was gone, although he was still a bit shaky. His eagerness gave him the necessary strength. It was with an effort that he refrained from arriving at the Haynes' before the usual hour.

A strange young woman greeted him at the door.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said. "Didn't you know? They've moved."

Mr. Pompton stared at her. In his misery and bewilderment he said something quite stupid.

"And the baby? The baby's gone with them?"

The young woman looked at him with kind brown eyes.

"You must be Mr. Pompton."

"Yes."

"Well, they told me to tell you they were leaving — with the baby, of course. Mr. Haynes' company had him transferred all of a sudden."

Mr. Pompton could not remember afterwards if he had thanked the young woman or even if he had said good-bye.

He went back to his room and sat on the edge of the bed, and, for the first time since he was 17 years old, Mr. Pompton cried.

He stayed in his room until the doctor arrived and ordered him out in the sun. Mr. Pompton ventured as far as the front step.

The people on the footpath were strangers who rushed past without even glancing at him.

An hour went by, and it might have been a year and it might have been a minute. Mr. Pompton's old head nodded; he dozed a little. Then he became aware of Mrs. Jorkins, standing over him reproachfully.

"I don't like to say this, Mr. Pompton, but that is a habit I'd hoped you was cured of."

Mr. Pompton eyed her listlessly.

"'Habit', Mrs. Jorkins?"

"Sittin' here. It don't look right for a boarding-house in the class this one is. It takes away the tone. No offence meant, Mr. Pompton, but why don't you go and sit in the park?"

That was the last thing Mr. Pompton intended to do, but, almost against his own volition, he found himself walking the usual three blocks to the familiar green lawns and shaded walks.

It was just as he had thought it would be. Everyone missed Coralie, and asked him about her, and every question was like an added stab in Mr. Pompton's heart. He would not come to the park again, he thought.

He tried to be polite to them all, although they seemed little more than shadows moving through a dull grey mist.

He tossed Susy's ball for her a couple of times and he murmured the conventional and proper words when Bert and Helen appeared, shyly proclaiming their happiness.

"We didn't know what had happened to you,' cried Helen. "We came here every day and looked for you."

"We've been trying to get hold of you," said Bert, "because we want you to come to the wedding."

Mr. Pompton managed a feeble smile. "Why, thank you very much," he said.

But he felt cold and lonely. He escaped them, only to run into Mrs. Cooper who was sitting on a bench holding in her hand what seemed to be a half sheet of paper, typewritten, and bound in blue.

"It's my part," she explained. "I'm studying it."

"Part?"

She looked past him, apparently straight into paradise.

"I have a part in a play," she said, with a simplicity befitting such a statement. "I walked into the 'Bijou,' and they looked at me and said, 'You're just the type for Winifred in the revival of 'Golden Gate.'"

Mr. Pompton roused himself. "I'm glad to hear it."

She smiled at him. She was extremely gracious. He might have been some threadbare but dear old ballet-master of her youth to whom she would always be kind.

Mr. Pompton left her, and walked on alone. He turned his eyes carefully away from the sight of a young woman wheeling a pram. But now Angus Babcock had fallen into step with him.

"Let's take a seat," Mr. Babcock suggested, rather petulantly. "I've got a touch of my rheumatism."

After a moment he asked about the baby.

"Gone," said Mr. Pompton.

It was possible to change the subject, because Mrs. Thomas had paused by the bench with her dog.

"Midget," she said. "Shake hands with Mr. Pompton."

Politely, Mr. Pompton grasped the poodle's paw.

"She just didn't know what had become of you," said Mrs. Thomas. "She's missed you."

The poodle put her head on one side and looked at him gravely. Mr. Pompton smiled, the smile lingering as Mrs. Thomas and Midget went and he turned his attention to Mr. Babcock.

"Well," Mr. Babcock said, "what do you think of the election? What's your candid opinion?"

The two old men began to discuss politics, the late summer sun warming their old bones.

Slowly, very slowly, a light was coming to Mr. Pompton, a light shining through the miserable grey mist. It was true that Coralie had gone, but she had left him all her trust and joy and friendliness.

Why, all these people cared about him! They liked to talk to him! They missed him when he wasn't there! Mr. Pompton's smile grew broader and broader.

It was almost as if the park were the garden of his own home. It was pleasant for a man to see his friends strolling in the garden.

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Waltz With Ruby

Continued from page 5

JUST as Ruby skated out into the rink, the organ with the drums attachment began to thump and bang out a melody. She circled the rink twice, noticing with panic that Hal had already joined the group of fellows by the soft-drink stand. Slowly she glided over.

"Why'd you stop skating? Say, boys, this is m'sister, Ruby."

"Hiya, Ruby."

"Think I met you once before. Over at the Palace."

Silence spread stickily through the group. The boys stared down at their skates, avoiding the look of Ruby's wide eager eyes.

"Be seeing you," Ruby said in a high tight voice. "Well. So long, everybody."

She skated off, her shoulders rigid. Hal watched her skate around and around, a stiff smile on her tragic face. She was his sister. No matter what he had decided, he would have to skate with her. But it wasn't fair, he thought bitterly.

He caught Ruby's arm as she swung near.

"Come on, Ruby. Try that step they're doing ahead of us."

"You don't have to skate with me." She was crying. He had known she would be.

"Don't worry. I'm just going to skate with you when the music's going," he said. Then, embarrassed because again he had sounded cruel when he had not meant to be, he began to sing. Ruby cried and Hal sang steadily as they twirled around.

After the horror of that first day at the New National, Ruby settled down to a routine.

Except when Hal danced with her, she skated by herself. She yelled eager hellos to everyone to whom Hal had introduced her, but they rarely heard her over the roar of skates on the wood floor.

At four o'clock she drank a solitary bottle of pop. She had a good time when she and Hal were dancing but that was only when the organ played, ten minutes every half-hour. She was always glad to go home.

One Saturday, when she had been skating steadily for two hours without even speaking to anyone, she decided to quit.

She cried a little over her decision because she had tried so hard to get in with the crowd. She sniffed piteously and reached for a handkerchief.

"Watch out!" someone yelled.

Ruby hit the floor so hard that the ceiling seemed to swoop down and crack the top of her head. She sat still and let the shock quiver through her body.

"I'm awfully sorry."

A girl was pulling her to her feet out of the rink and on to one of the side benches. "Did you get hurt? I'm just learning to skate and when you got in the way I couldn't stop."

"I'm okay," Ruby said breathlessly.

The girl stood before her. "Maybe the trouble is I don't go slow enough," she said. She gave Ruby a timid friendly smile.

Ruby felt better. "Maybe you don't skate evenly. I'd be glad to show you how."

"I'm not so good," the girl said eagerly.

They skated together the rest of the afternoon. Dizzy with the joy of having a companion, Ruby talked steadily.

"You're doing lots better . . . take longer steps . . . bend forward. Listen to the music a little. You can't dance on skates, can you?"

"Oh no! Can you?"

"Sure," Ruby said with importance. "It gets easy; you just have to practise a while. Something like the waltz they're playing now is easy to dance to. It's short snappy pieces that're hard. They take lots of practice."

Ruby pulled the girl around curves and guided her expertly through the crowded floor. She grew hot, her cheeks glistened, and the curls at the back of her neck bobbed frantically. She was happy.

The next Tuesday she saw a girl fall heavily in the middle of the floor. She dragged her to a bench and offered sympathy and help. The rest of the afternoon she spent teaching her how to take corners, back up, and stop. Only when the organ played would she leave the girl while she danced with Hal. When the music stopped, Ruby rushed back.

After a few days she stopped rushing back to the girl she had left waiting. She had discovered that she was not the only lonely one around, that she could always find a girl who wanted someone to skate with too.

After she became less tense in her attempts to be friendly, she began to be accepted more or less by the girls in the regular crowd.

Finally she was admitted into the group which retired at three in the afternoon to relax in the wicker chairs in the rest-room. Honored by this privilege, Ruby was content to listen to the others. She was afraid to say anything except hello; one slip and she would be finished.

When Ruby entered the rest-room at the regular time one afternoon, she saw that Daisy Miller was giving Nancy Lee a manicure, and she knew, therefore, that something important was pending. Only on rare occasions did Nancy Lee, one of the leaders of the set, feel that her allure demanded the accent of purple nails.

"I tell you," Nancy Lee was saying impressively, "when Davy told me, I nearly dropped dead. Couldn't believe it. Why, I used to go with him years ago."

MYSTIFIED, Ruby asked timidly whom they were talking about.

"Don't you know?" Daisy shrieked. "You must be in the clouds if you haven't heard——"

"Let me tell it," Nancy Lee interrupted regally. "I'm the one Davy told."

Ruby waited impatiently through Nancy Lee's dramatic pause.

"Mike Kaelin," Nancy Lee said finally. "He used to run around with our crowd years ago. Then he left town. He gets out to Hollywood, California, and then, what do you know, he gets in the movies!"

"Honest?" Ruby breathed.

"Yeah. Davy said he plays a Mexican cowboy in a picture called 'Roses for Rosita' that's coming to the Alamo this week. And Mike—his movie name is Michael Lancer—is coming back for the opening. Can you beat it? He wrote Davy all about it; that's how I happen to know. Mike and Davy were pals."

Ruby felt weak with excitement. "And you went with him?"

Nancy Lee was obviously pleased with Ruby's respectful tone.

"Sure. When I was just thirteen. He was smooth. I'll bet he comes to the rink. I'm going to ask Davy to bring him round."

Ruby noticed that all the popular girls were combing their hair or putting on more lipstick or straightening their stocking seams. She noticed Nancy Lee's happy, tense expression.

And suddenly Ruby was empty and tired because she had nothing to expect from the miraculous visit of Mike Kaelin, now Michael Lancer. She should have been accustomed to the feeling; sometimes she thought vaguely that all the excitement she had ever had was something glimpsed over another's shoulder.

Please turn to page 31

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BUTCH

"I'll be right back. I'm just going to dash over to the grocer's for a moment."

HAZEL

"It might interest you to know, Senator . . ."

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 26

THE children had their usual quarters in the Lancaster Tower, where they had always stayed when they came with their parents to Windsor. The Court had always gone there for Easter and Lilibet's birthday.

The Lancaster Tower is three stories high, and dates from Henry VII's time. Lilibet had her own bedroom and a bathroom, sharing the former with Bobo, an arrangement I was glad of at this juncture.

For Bobo is a sensible Scottish lass, who one felt would come calm and unperturbed through innumerable bombardments.

She hails from a place in Inverness-shire called the Black Isle.

Margaret and Alah had rooms next door. The nursery was adjoining. This was an ordinary sitting-room adapted for the children with toy cupboards. It looks over Windsor Park.

Bathrooms had been let into the tremendously thick walls of the castle, bringing the place more up to date. But there is no central heating of any kind there.

There are electric stoves in the bedrooms, which were considerably affected, as everywhere else, by fuel cuts, and had a way of going out altogether at the coldest moments. There were log fires in the sitting-rooms.

To travel the icy passages from sitting-room up to bed was a feat of considerable endurance. I often wore fur boots under my evening dress.

I was all on my own, quite a way from anyone else, in the Victoria Tower. It was approached by the usual winding staircase.

I had a large bedroom and sitting-room, but my bathroom was out on the roof.

This was a chilly arrangement, and, when the bombs began to fall, not too comfortable. I always hoped that, if one had to come that way, it would choose a convenient moment!

The warning arrangements had been carefully thought out and organised before we arrived, and a system of bells had been installed which were operated by the wardens, who knew what was happening and were in communication by telephone with the watchers on the roofs.

There was a special bell which rang when we had to go down to the shelter.

We felt lost at first. The nights were so dark, and we did not know what was happening. The children were cross, too, because so many of the things they wanted were still at Royal Lodge.

Lord Wigram was governor of the castle. He was very bothered and worried at this new responsibility that had come to him.

I had nothing to do with the children after six o'clock, and it was arranged that Alah would bring them down to the shelter when there was a red warning. This meant aircraft were directly overhead.

At the end of our first talk at Windsor I remember feeling rather amused, because he told me dinner would be at eight in the Octagon Room. "We dress," he said gravely.

The Octagon Room was an oak-panelled apartment about half a mile's walk from my rooms in the Victoria Tower.

I did not know my way, and there were hardly any lights.

At ten to eight I started down the stairs to try to find the dining-room, which seems easy now, but there was no one to ask and nobody to direct me, and for some time I wandered around like one of the castle's ghosts.

I was wearing a red velvet dinner-dress against the Britannic draughts that raged through the stone passages.

I found the gentlemen on my arrival all conventionally attired in dinner-jackets with black ties.

Household dinner was pretty grim. Sir Gerald Kelly was staying at the castle at work on the coronation portraits. There were also Sir Hill Child, Commander Colles, and myself.

We were an ill-assorted party, and all of us were anxious and a little depressed anyway.

To make matters worse, the light was very poor.

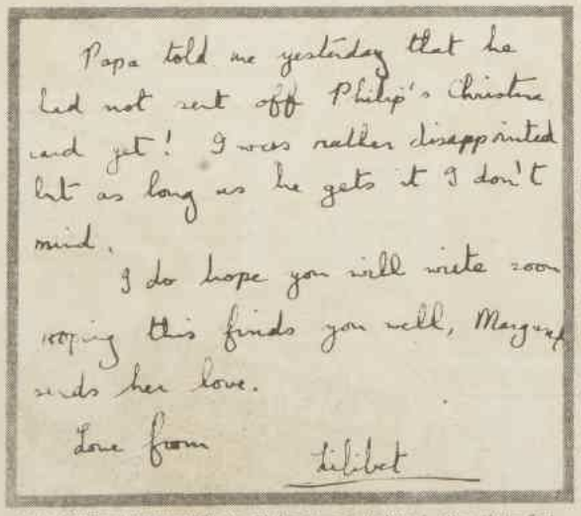
All the glass chandeliers had been taken down because they would make splinters, and all the high-powered bulbs had been taken out by the A.R.P. and low-powered ones substituted. We seemed to live in a sort of underworld.

New blood seemed essential if we were all to remain friends. So I decided to get Monty, Mrs. Montandon-Smith, to come back and help me, among other things, with the lessons.

I was able to do this only after some persuasion. Monty liked a Bohemian life, and was all against being beleaguered for any length of time in a fortress. But in the end she did come, and she brightened things up a lot. The children were very fond of her, and they loved singing with her.

To be continued

IN next week's instalment Marion Crawford will tell of the first serious air-raid alarm over Windsor Castle; why the Princesses were late getting to the shelter; and how they spent that frightening night in the old dungeons beneath the castle. She will tell how Margaret Rose and she herself lightened the serious side of those grim days by playing practical jokes on the guard garrisoning the castle, and how Elizabeth did not altogether approve. "Do you think we are being too happy, Crawfie?" she would ask seriously.



Papa told me yesterday that he had not sent off Philip's Christmas card yet! I was rather disappointed but as long as he gets it I don't mind.

I do hope you will write soon hoping this finds you well, Margaret sends her love.

Love from Lilibet

ELIZABETH'S INTEREST in Philip never slackened after their first childhood meeting. Many of her letters contain references to him.

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Australian dancer's success

Will lead Sadler's Wells company in American tour

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

A young Australian dancer, Elaine Fifield, is to lead a ballet company from Sadler's Wells, London, on a tour of America next year.

Depending on its success there—which is almost a foregone conclusion—the company may then go to Australia.

IN terms of the prestige they have won, ballet dancers have proved to be the best ambassadors Britain can send abroad. And Australia's Elaine Fifield is the most gifted of the ballet fledglings dancing in England today.

Elaine, who came to England four years ago on a Sadler's Wells scholarship, is now only 19. The forthcoming trip is likely to be a big stepping-stone to front-rank ballet stardom for her.

Sadler's Wells first company—led by another Australian, a first-magnitude star, Robert Helpmann—recently scored an overwhelming success in the United States. But next year this company will be remaining at home for the 1951 Festival of Britain.

These are the reasons which contributed to the decision to send the second company from its home at Sadler's Wells, itself the nursery of English ballet, on a tour of America. The standard of ballet in the second company has reached a pitch which commands universal admiration.

ELAINE FIFIELD, 19-year-old Australian dancer, who will tour America next year as leading dancer with Sadler's Wells Ballet Company.

•

American visitors come away from Sadler's Wells saying, "Gee—we've just got *nothing* like it back home!"

Elaine Fifield comes from Homebush West, Sydney. She is serious-minded, pretty, and hard-working—ballet dancers have to be.

She has danced almost every principal role in the Sadler's Wells repertoire.

Which part is her favorite?

"All of them!" she said.

"I've been lucky. As soon as I've thought of a part I'd like to dance, it's only been a very short while before I've found myself dancing it."

Already she has drawn a lot of attention from critics and news photographers. She now adds regular "photo sessions" on to a day already crammed with work.

Elaine shares a flat in Kilburn with a Yorkshire girl who is singing at Sadler's Wells Opera.

They both start at 10 a.m. Elaine goes to "class," and for one-and-a-half hours works at barre and centre practice. A break for tea, which she doesn't take; then on to rehearsals of the new production till one.

Most of the dancers and singers working at the small theatre on the fringe of the East End which is Sadler's Wells' headquarters troop down to eat at "The Ballerina," a cafe run by Greeks and so named with a hopeful eye on the Stage Door up the street. The girls boss the waiters and wheedle off-the-menu delicacies out of them.

"We rehearse again from 2.30 till five," Elaine said. "Those hours mightn't sound so bad, but they represent hours of real physical slogging—so that, more often than not, we just crawl to the Tube and flop when we get home.

"I drink gallons of water and eat enormous meals to keep my strength up. We are supposed to watch our diet, but if we did on British rations we'd soon lose our go."

BETWEEN REHEARSALS of new ballet "Summer Interlude" Elaine visits the snack bar with dancer Michael Hogan.

And "go" is the great quality which Australian dancers bring to English ballet.

There are three other Australian girls at Sadler's Wells with Elaine—Kathleen Gorham, who is rapidly making a name herself; Phyllis Kennedy, shortly to return to Australia; and Joan Cadzow.

Balletomanes will tell you that it is their vitality and fire that make the Australians so good. All those who have started their training in Australia and then come to England do well.

Elaine doesn't know if she'll be in the same company which looks likely to visit Australia after the United States.—There is already talk of her being invited to join the first company at Covent Garden. And from there the road to topline stardom lies straight ahead.

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Waltz With Ruby

Continued from page 28

IF I could only have one big moment, she thought dreatily. Just one. It would be something so wonderful to remember.

Since she knew this futile feeling well, she also knew the remedy. Ruby went out and treated herself to a chocolate marshmallow sundae with two cherries on top.

Everything went as Nancy Lee had ordered—everything always did. About nine o'clock on Saturday night the crowd gathered round the soft-drink stand, watching the door. Bottles of pop and bags of popcorn were consumed nervously. Feet scuffled in a jerky rhythm and the conversation was loud and strained.

Then Ruby, close by her, heard Nancy Lee, gazing eagerly forward, cry, "Here he comes!"

Just as the organ with the drums attachment began to beat out The Skaters' Waltz, a tall, incredibly handsome young man with a light camel's-hair coat flung over his shoulders came through the door, followed by Davy. It was Michael Lancer.

He strode over to the crowd. "Hiya gang," he greeted them. "Long time no see."

He smiled and shrugged off his coat. He was wearing a dark green suit with a grey stripe. His eyes were close together and there was a mole in the centre of his chin. "Great to see everybody again," said Mike.

Standing in the centre of the group, he talked loudly and he grinned a jovial continual grin. He slapped each boy's back and he asked each girl where she had been all his life.

When the first flurry was over there was a general exodus to the floor. Countless forums in the rest-room had decreed that no girl should wait for Mike to invite her to skate. If he did, the girl's triumph would thus be diluted. If he did not, she would be ruined. To make the honor clear and distinct, he must cut in on the girl he chose. So all the girls and their partners glided out on to the floor.

But they skated in small circles near Mike, twisting round to keep their eyes on him. Nancy Lee and Daisy, who were the closest, jabbed with their elbows any girl who tried to edge them away. They were smiling brightly and tossing their heads, with elaborate displays of gay indifference. But they kept looking at Mike and skating closer and closer.

Ruby set her lips. She felt pride come into her. She was not like Nancy Lee or Daisy—she was not pretty or popular and she had no chance. But she would not have to behave as they were behaving either.

As she and Hal waltzed, she said, "I think the girls are crazy. Just because he's here is no reason to act like that."

Hal felt cross. "You don't think so, huh? Just because he won't know you're alive." He waited for Ruby to burst into tears. What a sister, he though wearily.

Surprisingly, Ruby did not cry. She only began to skate faster. "Well," she said, "the movies wouldn't have you either."

Hal blew out a breath of relief. If he were given to emotional gestures, he would have patted her hand. She's learning how to take it, he thought. That was his first rule. "If you want to dish it out," Hal had said when discussing any crisis, "you must be able to take it too." It was a general statement but it could always be applied.

Leaning against the soft-drink counter, Mike Lancer was watching the skating couples. They all looked flushed and happy. He had forgotten what a good time he had had with them. A crummy bunch, though, on the whole; not one of the girls stacked up with the girls in Hollywood. Not even that Nancy Lee. He thought of this happily. The comparison proved how far he'd come.

"Funny, isn't it," he remarked to the humble Davy, "how people change."

"Sure is," Davy said. "Cigarette, Mike?"

"Thanks. Got a match? Say, Davy. Where can I get some skates? Got to have a shot at this for old times' sake."

"Sure thing," Davy said. "Back in a minute."

While Davey was gone for the skates, he looked over the crowd carefully. He saw Nancy Lee and Daisy preening towards him, and smiled. Small-time stuff, he thought. Why bother? I just want to have some fun skating.

Davy helped him strap on his skates and saw him skate out on to the floor. Then Davy bought an orange crush and began to sip it slowly. Suddenly he almost choked. Mike had cut in on Hal. Mike Kaelin—Michael Lancer—was skating with little Ruby Grove.

Collectively the crowd skidded to a stop. While the organ and drums thundered, Mike and Ruby whirled until they became a blur. They came out of the whirl into a tricky two-step easily, with arms locked.

"Skating's great," Mike gasped. "You never forget it."

"You said it," Ruby agreed vaguely, dazed with surprise.

Mike looked down at her round, radiant little face and smiled.

"You're the best skater on this floor," he said. "I could see that. There's nothing more fun than dancing with a girl who really knows how to handle herself on skates."

Happiness gripped Ruby tighter. She couldn't speak; she could only look at him.

MIKE enjoyed her expression. He felt better all the time.

"Say," he said in a sudden burst of generosity. "This is getting pretty hot, isn't it?"

"I don't mind," Ruby managed to say.

"Well," he continued, "how about letting me buy you a drink after this number?"

"I don't mind," Ruby said blissfully.

When the music stopped, he still held her arm as they skated slowly over towards the soft-drink counter. They went through the crowd which separated respectfully to let them through. Ruby noticed the surprised daze on Hal's face. She saw the other boys eyeing her with a new interest. She saw the sudden thinness of Nancy Lee's mouth and the way Daisy jerked aside. She held her head high and went slowly, with pride, like a queen.

"Here's your drink," Mike said.

She looked at him. He was tall and broad-shouldered, he had sleek, wavy, black hair. He was in the movies. And he had chosen her to dance with—for all the world to see. Together they had danced, while the organ played a romantic waltz and her skating costume had shimmered in the soft lights. It had all come out of her dreams.

"Thank you," she said, taking the pop bottle. She looked at him again; her face was beautiful when she smiled. "Thank you very much," said Ruby Grove.

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The Bells of S

Team of ringers broke Australian rec in century-old church at Yass

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Many residents of the small township of Yass, N.S.W., disappointed because they heard no bells pealing during the attempt, in St. Clement's Church there, to break a world reco tower bellringing.

They had expected to listen for several hours to the pealing, but the bellringers had insisted that the sound should be muffled by boarding up the openings, and the bells could not be heard more than a few blocks away.

ONE reason for muffling the sound was the fear that the continuous ringing would worry patients in the District Hospital.

The bellringing added a picturesque touch to a month of centenary celebrations at St. Clement's Church.

The celebrations concluded the day after the bellringing with a re-dedication service, when the beautiful old church was decorated with tawny chrysanthemums and bright autumn sunlight poured through the windows.

Bishop G. H. Cranswick, of Kalista, Victoria, preached at the service, and at its conclusion pronounced the solemn and simple words re-dedicating the people of St. Clement's.

Since the Rev. H. P. Reynolds became rector of St. Clement's at the end of 1948 he has re-awakened interest in bellringing in Yass, and has an enthusiastic team trained by instructors from Sydney.

Although there was once a set of 29 handbells belonging to St. Clement's, these have disappeared, and when the new team started to learn it had to use cowbells.

Before the big bellringing event, Bruce Dunbar, of Sydney, spent a week in Yass oiling the [illegible] making sure all prepara[illegible] complete. Even so, befo[illegible] ing started there were [illegible] liminaries.

When one member [illegible] church tower carrying [illegible] in thick bristle doormats, [illegible] feet wouldn't get tired, h[illegible] jibed, "Why don't you [illegible] tress?"

Two of the ringers wo[illegible] to rest their feet, and [illegible] men wore shorts, as hour[illegible] ringing can become very [illegible]

The beginning of the b[illegible] was an impressive moment.

As the door of the chu[illegible] closed on the five ringe[illegible] Sydney, shutting out all [illegible] the outside world, the [illegible] the bells rang forth. They [illegible] for four hours and 34 mi[illegible]

For all that time the [illegible] stood pulling at their rope[illegible] sixth, the referee, kept [illegible] record of their ringing.

The bellringers had [illegible] selves a severe mental and [illegible] test as they could not [illegible] at all, and must ring in [illegible] sequences, checked by the referee.

INSIDE BELFRY two of the bells, up and waiting to be rung, are examined by referee Edmund Fowell. The bells were made by William Blews and Son, of Birmingham, in 1869.

REFEREE Edmund Fowell thrusts chocolate into Bill Rowe's mouth.

YASS bellringers show cowbells on which they learnt handringing. From left, they are Mervyn Minter, Harold Curll, Thyra Croman, Phyllis Davis (partly hidden), and Dick Burden.

RECTOR'S WIFE, Mrs. Reynolds, pours tea for Miss Valerie Guest (left), part-time organist since 1923, and Mrs. W. M. Holliday, whose husband was rector for 16 years.

SYDNEY TEAM of ringers which attempted world's record at Yass. From left: Bill Rowe (conductor), Harry Short, Robert Ferris, Ron Rowe, and John Duncan. Tenor bell of St. Clement's bears the inscription, "We sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

CHOI[illegible] Sam [illegible] town [illegible]

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St. Clement's

They were not allowed to take any liquid for 24 hours before the ringing began. This was to avoid perspiration and chafed hands.

The referee kept chocolate handy, ready to thrust a piece into the ringers' mouths when he thought they were flagging.

By ringing 8040 changes on the five bells they created an Australian record for ringing doubles, the term used for five bells ringing changes.

The changes are the number of combinations it is possible to make with a given number of bells.

The greatest number of changes possible on five bells is 120, called an extent, which takes approximately four minutes. The goal aimed for was 100 extents, or 12,000 changes.

The five members of the N.S.W. Bellringers' Association who rang at St. Clement's would have had to ring more than 10,080 changes to beat the known world record, created unofficially at Gilsingham, Suffolk, England, in 1822.

Result to England

THE Sydney team does not know what the official world record is for doubles ringing, and it will send the result of the St. Clement's ringing to England claiming the official world record, and see if anyone disputes the claim.

Those of us near the church who were listening to the sweet pealing of the bells were jubilant when the ringers reached and passed the previous Australian record of 5520 changes. This record was made at St. Jude's, Randwick, on Anzac Day, 1947, and there were two women in the team.

Even as an outsider I found it nerve-racking listening for the bells to stop.

It only needed one member of the team to falter for the attempt to end, and after four hours and thirty-four minutes one of them felt he was going to collapse, so stopped "rather than have my inside pulled out," as he described it.

The ringers, all of them with many years of training, were Bill Rowe, of St. Jude's, Randwick, who was conductor; Ron Rowe and John Duncan, both St. Jude's; Harry Short, St. Mary's Cathedral; and Robert Ferris, All Saints', Parramatta.

The referee was Edmund ("Chook") Fowell, St. Mary's Cathedral, who has the necessary qualifications to be recognised officially. When a record is made it must bear the signature of a qualified referee before it is official.

The referee must concentrate just as hard as the ringers do. He holds sheets of paper on which are typed the changes, and must tick off each fresh lead end.

Just before the tower doors were closed a telegram arrived from the ringers at St. Peter's, Adelaide, wishing luck to Bill Rowe, who had taught them to ring St. Peter's bells when they were installed in 1947.

Mr. Reynolds, who had asked the bellringers to attempt the world record on St. Clement's mellow old bells, was the most disappointed of all when the bells stopped.

He had just said how precise and good the ringing was when the bells faltered and the silence we had all been dreading seemed to fill the air more than the previous sound.

Since the April day a hundred years ago, when the first service was held in the church, the history of St. Clement's has been the history of faith and service by generation after generation of worshippers and the rectors and their wives.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, Yass, opened for worship in April, 1850, has undergone extensive renovations during the past few months. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

An interested spectator as the bellringers made their final preparations was a venerable Yass identity, 78-year-old Mr. Arthur Smith.

He is the Grand Old Man of Yass bellringers. His father had been a ringer in England, and as his sons became old enough he taught them first the art of ringing handbells, and then towerbells.

"We used to play at local concerts, just like any other variety turn," he said. "With six ringers we could ring any tune, as we had six bells each, taking up whichever one was wanted. We used to ring all the popular tunes of the day."

As long as there was a bellringing team in Yass, Mr. Smith continued to train new members.

When the church was built, and the Rev. Charles Bridstocke was minister, his parish extended as far as Tumut and Gundagai, and he even took an occasional service at Wagga.

A parishioner who recalls the early days of the church is 82-year-old Miss Myra Chambers, who is still a member of the choir, and who joined when she was 10 years old.

In those 72 years her service to the church has included taking home the choir's surplices for mending and ironing, and teaching three generations in the Sunday school.

Myra Chambers, with her sister, Grace, and her brothers, Randel and Charlie, used to set out from home each Sunday morning and walk the five miles to church.

The children carried their lunches and after service lit a little fire in the adjoining grounds, where they boiled their billy, and had their picnic meal.

To buy bell

IT looks as if St. Clement's will be able to boast a sixth bell before long, as money is already being raised to buy it.

For 20 years, Mrs. Wilton Curll, of Hopewood, five miles out of the town, has been raising on an average about £300 a year for the church by catering for functions in the town, and this year she wants the money she makes to buy the new bell.

Kindly, capable Mrs. Curll has found exactly what her special gift is, and has used it for others.

When the Diocese of Goulburn held its synod at Yass during the centenary celebrations Mrs. Curll served 400 meals and 1000 suppers.

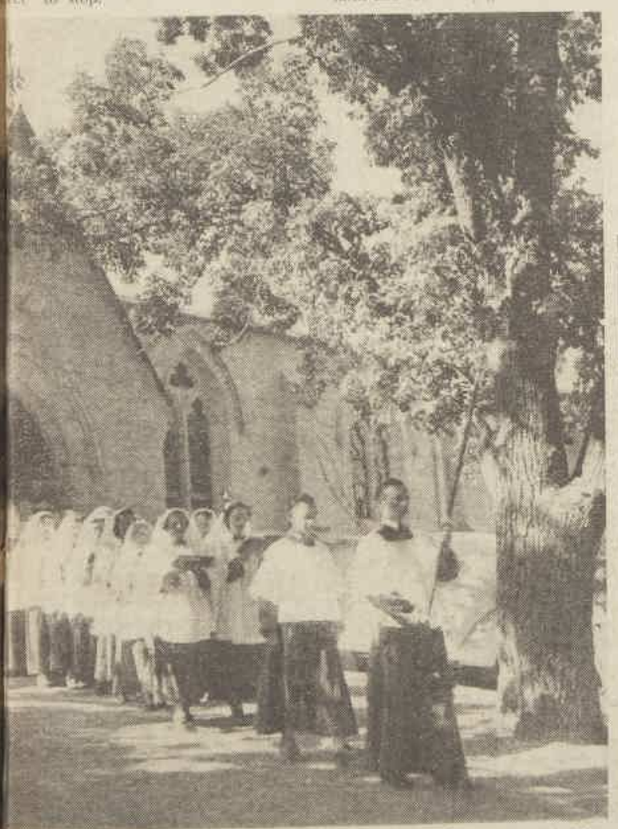
Everything served at her wedding breakfasts or her dinners is cooked at home and brought to town in tiered boxes specially made by Mr. Curll.

"Of course, I couldn't have done any of it but for Wilton," she said. "He packs and unpacks everything, and it doesn't matter how much I have he always manages to get it in."

Last year Mrs. Curll gave the church a heating system costing more than £300, and the bell she hopes to buy this year will cost £250.

When I asked if she had never thought of using her talent for herself her reply was typical.

"I have received so many blessings, especially a good husband and sons and daughters-in-law, who all love the church. I have much to be thankful for. I have no money to give to St. Clement's, so this is my thanksgiving."



R ing the main door, which leads into elm avenue. Leading soprano is Mrs. who has sung in the choir for 30 years. She always walked three miles into practices and services. Brought her babies in pram, left them in the vestry.

VETERAN choir member 82-year-old Miss Myra Chambers mends and launders surplices as part of her service for the church.

RECTOR, Rev. H. P. Reynolds, at church door with three generations of parishioners—Mrs. Percy Burden, her son Kenneth, and her mother, Mrs. Lou Daniel.

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Flora Macdonald

THEY reached a landing place early in the morning, where the Prince changed into his disguise. Flora decided that O'Neil should leave the party because he did not have a pass, and because he did not speak Gaelic, which might arouse suspicion.

As Charles changed into his disguise as "Betty Burke," he laughed and joked, calling Flora to his aid to adjust the fastenings and trimmings.

That night the Prince, Flora, and MacEachainn set out again in their small rowing boat. A thick mist came in and they had to stop rowing till morning. Flora was cold and her clothing was soaked by the rain. Charles sang Jacobite songs and protected her from the rain when she fell asleep. In the morning they saw Skye. Militia fired on them from a point, but they managed to row out of range.

Later in the morning they landed in a small sheltered cove. Flora and MacEachainn went to the house of Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, to announce the Prince's arrival.

Lady Macdonald was entertaining. Her guests included Lieutenant MacLeod, who commanded the local militia.

Flora kept him talking while Lady Macdonald persuaded one of her guests, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, to shelter the Prince at his house that night. This Macdonald was to be Flora's father-in-law.

When it was evening, Charles and Kingsburgh began the seven-mile walk to his house. At this time of the year, in June, it was scarcely dark at midnight on Skye. They were soon overtaken by Flora and MacEachainn, who followed on horseback.

Flora and Kingsburgh were known in the neighborhood, but the tall, gaunt Betty Burke attracted much attention from the country folk along the road, especially when she lifted her petticoats high to cross a stream.

When they arrived at the house, Kingsburgh's daughter, Ann, who was seven years old, rushed in to tell her mother: "My father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her."

Next morning Flora rode ahead to Portree, on the coast of Skye. Charles and MacEachainn arrived later. The Prince had changed from his Betty Burke disguise to the tartan of the Macdonalds. Here he was to join the MacLeods from Raasa, who would take him to the next island.

The Prince, bidding farewell to Flora, said, "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James' yet."

That was the last time that Flora saw the Prince. With the continued help of other supporters, he escaped and returned to France by October. He never came again to Scotland. In 1788 he died in Italy. There was never any romance between Flora and the Prince. Some writers say that O'Neil loved her.

Flora left Portree and stayed with her mother at Armadale for 11 days, when she was arrested by soldiers and put aboard the Furnace, an English sloop-of-war.

In the ship was General Campbell, and by his orders Flora was treated with great respect on her journey to London.

When the ship berthed at a Scottish port and she changed to another ship, people came to the pier to cheer their heroine.

In London she was confined to the Tower for a short while, but soon allowed to live in a house under very slight restraint.

Londoners were as enthusiastic in their praise of Flora as her own Scottish people had been. Even Fredrick, Prince of Wales, came to visit her. She was finally released in July, 1747, and she returned soon to Scotland.

BOOKS about Flora Macdonald include "The Truth About Flora Macdonald," by A. R. Macdonald, and "Life of Flora Macdonald," by F. F. Wylde. Her story is also told in W. D. Norie's "Life of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," and Compton Mackenzie's "Prince Charlie."

Continued from page 18

She had considered her act in helping to save the life of the Prince "as a simple act of humanity, and was confused by the extravagant praise and exaggerated compliments paid to her by London society."

In March, 1750, Flora married Allan Macdonald at Armadale.

"The Scot's Magazine" announced:

"At Armadale in Sleat, Allan Macdonald, elder son of Alexander Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, married Miss Flora Macdonald, daughter of Ranald Macdonald, of Milton, deceased. This is the young lady who aided the escape of the young Chevalier."

Her wedding dress was of black silk. Her husband was described as a handsome, powerfully built young man "ever foremost in all daring and athletic feats."

They lived at Kingsburgh and seven children were born.

Flora and her husband entertained Dr. Johnson and Boswell when they visited Kingsburgh. Dr. Johnson was delighted by the welcome.

"We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Macdonald and his lady, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, with honor."

At this time Flora was 51. Dr. Johnson slept in the same bed the Prince had slept in 29 years ago when Allan's father had sheltered him before he left for Portree.

Allan Macdonald was not a good business man. He lost money on his property, so in 1774 he and Flora decided to go to America. They sailed with two of their sons, a daughter, Ann, with her family, and eight servants, to North Carolina. They finally settled on land at Anson County.

Flora's arrest

Soon after the American War of Independence broke out, Allan joined the Loyalists as a captain, and his son as a lieutenant.

They were captured and taken to Halifax. Allan was released on parole but not allowed to leave the town.

Flora had been turned out of her home and summoned before the Committee of Safety to answer to alleged seditious conduct.

In March, 1788, she was allowed to join her husband. He persuaded her to return to Scotland. She had to sell silver plate and jewellery for her passage fare.

Her adventures were still not over. On the way to England the ship was attacked by a French privateer. When the other women were hiding in the cabins Flora came up on deck and shouted encouragement to the sailors.

Flora died in Skye on March 4, 1790, after a long illness. Allan died two years later.

Her son erected a marble tombstone over her grave. It was removed piece by piece by tourists within two months. Then he erected an Iona cross, but this was blown down and broken to fragments during a wild storm.

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Interesting People

MRS. DOROTHY CUBIS
. . . vocational guidance

CAREERS research officer for the Department of Labor and Industry and Social Welfare, N.S.W., Mrs. Dorothy Cubis will lead the N.S.W. delegation to the International Conference of Business and Professional Women in London at the end of July. Formerly a teacher at Sydney Girls' High School and Fort Street, she worked as an U.N.R.R.A. area welfare officer in Germany on release from wartime job with A.B.C. She is a fourth-generation Australian whose family goes back to Governor Macquarie's day.

MR. DONALD LAIDLAW
. . . Oxford golf blue

TAKING his Bachelor of Civil Laws Degree at Oxford, Adelaide barrister Donald Laidlaw was for six years a Japanese translator with the A.I.F. On discharge he resumed his law studies, became articled to Sir Eric Millhouse, K.C., and was associate to Mrs. Justice Reed and Mr. Acting Justice Paine. The Laidlaws (his wife is a barrister, too) went to Oxford on their honeymoon, and will remain there for two years. Donald distinguished himself by gaining his golf blue during his first term.

MISS MARCIA FERRIER
. . . Red Cross worker

NOW back in Sydney after 12 years in England, Marcia Ferrier was liaison officer between the Australian and British Red Cross, and before sailing handed over the last Australian hospital case to the care of the British Red Cross. Before that she had been visiting officer for the Australian Red Cross, and visited sick and wounded Australians throughout the United Kingdom. She attended last year's International Red Cross Conference in Geneva as an Australian delegate, and hopes to visit all States and talk to Red Cross branches.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 7

ELIZABETH put in—she was hating the talk: "What's that got to do with it?—his name, I mean."

Brigid protested: "Why, it's—Of course I know, Harry—Harry Turner or Wright or something."

"Exactly—or something. All we know is that he came to do a job of work for Vio eight years ago and has hung on ever since."

"Hardly enough to make one suspect him of murder." Ted looked full at Peter.

"Oh, maybe not. The relevant point is—to-day is, or would have been, Enone's birthday."

"What do you mean?"

"You need a house to be happy-go-lucky in, and somebody's money, if not your own. A nice secure little nest. Harry mightn't have had any of that after to-day, after Enone was twenty-one and in control of her funds and affairs."

Elizabeth said hotly: "I'm sure that didn't threaten him at all. I'm sure Harry never visualised anything like that."

"Didn't he?" Peter carefully put back his cup in the saucer. "Then why did he tell us such a thumping lie on Friday night?"

"What lie?"

"About going to a picture in the morning, when actually I saw him in one of the arcades with Enone at close on twelve o'clock." The three looked at Peter blankly. "They were standing in a doorway in deep conversation. They didn't see me, and I didn't interrupt their little tete-a-tete."

"Is that all you've got to go on?" Ted said. "Instinct pure and simple on Harry's part not to mention it. Everyone was inclined to lie about Enone. Enone roused a devil of jealousy in other women." He didn't look at Elizabeth.

There was a knock on the front door, the rarely used front door reserved for the occasional stranger, tramp, or canvasser.

Peter threw down his napkin and went in. He was back in a minute looking puzzled. "It's the police inspector. He wants to see you, Ted."

"Me?" Ted got up.

"Yes. They told him at the pub you'd checked out so he came along to see if you were here."

"What for?"

Elizabeth got up, too. It was mad, utterly mad, the way her heart began instantly to race and thump. What could these men have to say to Ted that could be the least bit disturbing to hear?

He stepped inside the sitting-room, and she followed him quickly. Grogan and Manning were standing, as solid and well-rooted as totem poles, on the pale grey haircord.

"You want to see me, I believe?" Ted said.

"Yes. It's about that tortoiseshell powder case, Mr. Fanshawe. The one you gave to Miss Rowan on Saturday evening. We have information that that compact belonged to the deceased, was the one we were looking for that was missing out of her handbag."

The impact of this set the world of thought rocking for Elizabeth. She sat down suddenly, gripping the arms of the chair, as though it might prove treacherously unstable, too.

Through the clamor of the moment she heard Ted say: "How do you make that out?"

How do you make that out! The weakness, the neutral sound of it! No disclaimer, no thundering denial! Thoughts raced and scurried in her brain. That case Enone's? Lies! Madness! He was just letting these policemen go on to make fools of themselves.

The inspector was saying: "The sergeant'll tell you how we make it out."

Manning fished for his notebook. Elizabeth's eyes, their pupils grown large and black, flew back to Ted's face. There wasn't any doubt that he was looking queer and strained.

Manning found the place and recited:

"Cedric Gunter, jeweller and curio dealer, interviewed at his home yesterday, stated that on the previous Monday he sold a tortoiseshell and gold early-Victorian card case to Mr. Edward Fanshawe. The price of the case was ten guineas, paid for by cheque. The customer left it to have it fitted up as a modern compact. He called at the shop again last Friday morning. The case was ready for him and he took it away."

Manning turned a page. The room was still. Ted's face, turned towards the sergeant, looked empty, wiped of expression.

"A few hours later," Manning went on, "shortly after two o'clock a young lady brought the case back to have the clasp cased. Gunter gave a description of her and on being shown a picture of the deceased identified her."

Elizabeth gave a cry, starting up from her chair.

"Ted! . . . Is it true? . . . It isn't, is it, is it?" She held out her hands to him.

He went over quickly and took them in his. "Liz . . . wait a minute. I'll tell you. That case . . . I did give it to her—"

"To Enone!"

"Yes. That much is true. But—but not anything else they may try to connect up with it. I'll tell you how it happened. I bought the case for you, as I told you. But on Friday, just after I'd collected it from the shop, I was in my office when Enone was shown in."

GROGAN broke in to ask: "Was this usual? Her calling on you at your place of business?"

"Not at all. She'd never been there before."

"What'd she come for?"

"She looked in to see if I'd take her out to lunch."

"What made her do that, all of a sudden?"

"She said she was passing—it was just on one o'clock—my office is on the ground floor. Why a trifle like that hasn't got any significance, has it?"

"It has when you stated yesterday you hardly knew Miss McGrath."

"I didn't, either. It surprised me, too. Anyhow, she came in and suggested lunch. I said I was sorry, I was busy, I couldn't manage it." Hands in his pockets, he paced about the room.

"When I refused she put on half a hundred tricks . . . She was very pretty, very coaxing, but I was angry. I said no, again. At last I said, 'Enone, run away and play! You're only out to make trouble. You just want to prove your power and make more trouble between me and Liz . . .'"

Grogan took him up quickly. "She'd done that already, had she?"

Ted felt in his pockets for cigarettes before he answered this: "Yes . . . once. Miss Rowan and I had had a bit of coolness over the silly way I'd behaved at a party—leaving early with Enone."

Elizabeth cried: "That was nothing, nothing! It didn't give me more than a moment's irritation. It was all too silly. A few dances at a night-club!"

"But surely you—"

"Oh, stop, stop!"

Was she making it all worse for him, rather than better?

Manning asked: "So after you refused to take her out to lunch, what happened?"

Please turn to page 37

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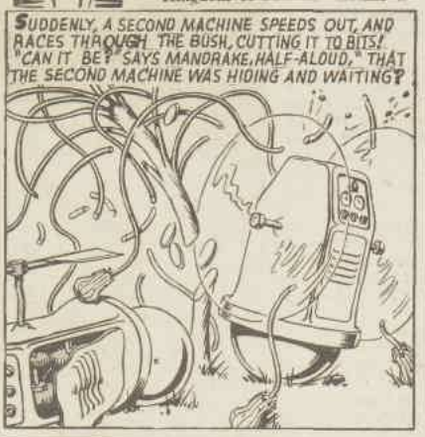

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 35

SHRUGGING indifferently, Ted went on: "Well, she called me mean, and as she was leaving she spotted the powder-case on my desk and said she must have it—as a parting gift—it was so pretty—it had an E on it, too!—surely I wouldn't refuse her that! And so on, and so on.

"We wrangled over it for a bit. Frankly, I—I was getting more and more disgusted with the whole business. And yet to refuse her the thing when she wanted it so badly seemed, somehow—well, it seemed rather paltry. So I gave it to her."

He made a gesture as though throwing away from him the whole bitter, disastrous subject.

But Manning kept him to it, demanding: "When did you see her again and get the case back from her?"

"I didn't see her again."

"Eh?"

"After she left my office on Friday at midday I never set eyes on her again."

"How'd you get it then? You say you never saw her, that you drove up here on the Friday night with your brother-in-law. Come on then, let's hear it."

No answer came from Ted for a minute. And then, at last, as though the words were being prised out of him: "I didn't come up with my brother-in-law. I came on the nine o'clock bus."

A small sound—it might have been a grunt of satisfaction—escaped Grogan. This was what they'd been working for. All the questioning had been a prelude to this admission.

Manning, who had been flipping at the pages of his notebook, stopped it now and dropped the book back into his pocket.

It seemed to Elizabeth that they were both thinking: We've got you now, Mr. Fanshawe! We hardly need anything more.

Ted wasn't looking at them. He was looking at her. When at last he spoke again his voice was hard:

"Yes, I was on the nine bus, but not with Enone. I didn't even see her. I went right to the back when I got in at Wynyard. The bus was pretty nearly empty then. But soon it filled up to the doors, people standing with week-end bags.

"I gave up my seat to someone and was strap-hanging, jammed against the back seat. I couldn't see through the crowd who else was in the bus. I didn't look, anyhow. A bit later I got back my seat and started to read the evening paper. At the end of the ride, when I looked up, I found the bus had almost emptied and we'd just started again after the stop at Druitt's store where I should have got out. I jumped up and went forward and asked the driver to pull up."

He paused an instant, glanced at Elizabeth, then continued: "As I stooped to get my suitcase, which I'd left up there at the front, I was utterly staggered to see the powder-case I'd given Enone that very morning lying on the floor almost under the driver's seat. Then I realised what had happened.

"Enone had been in the seat behind the driver and she'd used the compact on the way up, and instead of dropping it back into her bag had dropped it on to her lap, and when she stood up to get out at the store kicked it ahead of her, not noticing. I thought, careless little devil, and picked it up and slipped it into my pocket."

Grogan gave a small smile.

"If you didn't do anything worse in that bus than pick up her compact, why did you go to such trouble to kid us you weren't on it?"

Ted shrugged. "I'd got now so that the very mention of her name made me feel guilty. I didn't want any more trouble. Yes, I know! To admit that again—that there had been trouble about her—is doing me no good. But I want to marry Miss Rowan. I'd come up here this week-end expressly to ask her.

"I didn't want to have her even begin to think what wouldn't have been true—that I'd arranged to meet Enone McGrath and travelled up with her. My conscience was clear about that. I hadn't seen her, so I simply washed out the bus."

"You've got too many pat answers, Mr. Fanshawe. A whole lot too many. I suggest that's not the true story. You were together on the bus all right."

ELIZABETH put in: "Why didn't you ask the busman?"

"He can't help us—he's new on the run this week, doesn't know any of the locals." Grogan turned back to Ted.

"I suggest McGrath was — more serious about you than you were about her; that you got off the bus together and walked a bit round the bend, quarrelling; that you lost your temper, picked up a stick or something and hit her. Anybody can lose their temper . . . hit someone not meaning to do any real damage . . . but hit too hard . . ."

Grogan talked on, watching Ted closely, ready to catch any smallest hint of acquiescence, but Ted didn't give it. Instead, he smiled slightly, coolly. "What happened next?"

"Next? Well, when you found she was dead you took the compact out of her bag so there couldn't be any trace of that connection between you, and then you pushed her body over the ledge of rock. You admit there'd been trouble about her. I think she threatened to make a lot more and tell Miss Rowan the night-clubs were the least of it. That you went home with her that night, to her flat."

Ted gave a start. "What?"

"Your eye was in for tiddlywinks that night. That was a very good shot you made with the beer bottle top, right into the middle of the croton tree by the window."

Elizabeth got up. She couldn't sit there another minute watching him being driven back, step by step.

She couldn't keep quiet, either. She said: "All right, all right! He went up there and didn't have the nerve to say so. He was attracted by her, caught up by her, and afraid of my jealousy. He stayed the night there, if you like. But he did not murder her."

"Thanks, Liz. But I didn't stay the night, either." He tossed his half-smoked cigarette away.

"By that time—two a.m.—I was beginning to be sober. The cold light of repentance had set in. I only stayed half an hour. We drank a glass of beer together. Psychologically viewed, Inspector, a man intent on passion isn't flipping beer-bottle caps about."

"Better keep psychology out of this, Mr. Fanshawe. Psychology would say an innocent man doesn't give his girl-friend a murdered girl's compact."

Ted said harshly: "Then it'd be wrong in my case. I certainly didn't like being forced to give it to Miss Rowan. That was Athol Boyd's tactlessness—or something worse! But for me, this piece of tortoiseshell rubbish wasn't invested with an aura of murder because Enone had handled it for a few hours. When everything to do with her death was washed up I meant to tell you, Elizabeth, and get rid of the wretched reminder."

Please turn to page 38

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 37

ELIZABETH made no comment and Ted turned back to Grogan: "I admit you've made out a good case against me—up to a point. But there's one point—one you forgot—that knocks your whole case against me endways!"

"O.K., let's hear it."

"The person who killed Enone was the one who wanted those letters back. You'll admit that, won't you?"

Grogan said guardedly: "I'm assuming that . . . at the moment."

"I'll say you are! You've got to assume it! So if they were my letters would I have been so insane as to come here—even supposing I could get away with impersonating Symonds—and tell Mrs. Connell and Miss Rowan about them?—let them get into their hands?"

"I'm not prepared to admit that argument. Oh, no, not at all. You knew the two young ladies. You trusted to the fact that there are people who wouldn't open a bundle of somebody else's private letters, not if they were to be shot for it. I reckon you couldn't have done a cuter thing."

Manning asked Elizabeth: "This blue envelope they were in — was there any handwriting on it?"

Her mouth was dry, she hardly recognised her own voice. "No, there was nothing on it."

"Was it sealed?"

"I—I don't remember noticing."

Grogan said to Ted: "You see? She didn't even bother to look. It didn't concern her. It didn't matter if it was ten times open. You were able to tell her exactly what kind of envelope they were in, and where they were, because in the row with McGrath, maybe, she boasted she'd got 'em ready and meant to use 'em."

"All right, then, why didn't I go and get them myself?"

"You didn't have a key, that's why. But you knew Miss Phillipson had one."

"I also knew that Enone's latchkey was always left hanging inside the tradesmen's servery beside the front door. She was always forgetting it, so she decided to leave it there, she told me."

Feeling she couldn't stand much more of this Elizabeth got up and went and stood at the door. The verandah was deserted now, the interrupted meal still littered the breakfast table. Brigid and Peter had gone in through the door to the kitchen passage.

The voices of the three men in the room behind her wrangled on, debating points almost as impersonally as barristers arguing in a court of law. Was it strength or weakness that let Ted keep so calm under such accusations?

She stood there till the questioning ceased. When the front door closed on Grogan and Manning she and Ted were leagues apart across the room.

After a minute he said: "Shall I say all the things you want to say against me?"

"You can save yourself the trouble."

"It's to be like that, is it?"

Outside, Peter, already impatient at the delay, sounded the horn of the car.

She said: "There's Peter."

"I'm going."

She walked slowly towards the studio. "And you needn't bother to come back, because I don't mean to see you again. I'll help you all I can in this affair. But so far as we're concerned, you and I—"

"Listen, Liz, I don't want your help. I don't need it. All I want is for you to forgive all this, to listen to me for just one moment."

"I'd rather not. As I don't mean to see you again why should we start a talk that will only end in hurling insults at each other?"

"You can hurl what you like. I know I deserve it. But if you could just stand off from it for one moment you might begin to see. Stripped of the inspector's sinister implications, what does it boil down to? Enone was a menace, you were jealous, and I lost my nerve."

He waited for a sign of relenting on her part. She gave none. "I loved you, I was desperate to have things right between us—and you hadn't given me much cause to feel pleased with myself, had you? So when Enone jolted me off the track for those few hours I weakly tried to lie my way out of it. I'm heartily ashamed of it now, but there it is."

Still Elizabeth was silent.

"Is it so hard to forgive someone a deception when the motive behind it was the fear of losing you? Surely you can see . . ."

She listened with fatal patience—fatal for him, it seemed—and at last his words trailed off in the face of it.

With her hand on the door knob she said: "All very true, I don't doubt. But knowing that doesn't make any difference. For me, I'm afraid it's over."

Bleakly, he hunched his shoulders and turned away, defeated. The two opposed doors at the ends of the room swallowed them up.

LUXTON'S dairy was wrapped in its mid-morning silence when Grogan came up to it. There was no one about the scattered weatherboard building set down in its paddocks, except the dog that barked perfunctorily at him.

In a minute Mrs. Luxton appeared among the drying milkpans and pails on the scrubbed verandah.

Mr. Luxton? Yes, but he was asleep. He was always asleep at this time, up all night like he was. She never woke him if she could help it. Was there any message she could give him when he woke?

There wasn't, and she retreated looking worried.

Presently Luxton, still sleep dazed, staggered on to the verandah, and stood blinking at the inspector.

"Sorry I had to wake you," Grogan apologised, "but I won't keep you long. You serve Connells' round here, don't you?"

Luxton nodded. "I serve the lot of 'em over that way."

"What time do you get there of a morning? Round about the same time always?"

"I'll say. Regular as clockwork. You got to be with cows. I'm always at Connells' before five—say twenty or a quarter to."

"Well, last Saturday morning now. Did you see anybody in their garden? Hanging around there, or going in or out?"

Luxton eyed him mistrustfully.

"Look, I never have no time to notice who I see and who I don't, or reckernize anybody at that hour of the morning. With a big round like I got and everybody pickin' on you if you're a few minutes late—I could get murdered meself and hardly have time to notice. By the time I get home—"

His sense of injury was rising like cream to the top of a pan.

"O.K., you didn't see anyone?"

"I never said that. If you say there was some bloke around there I'm not goin' to go against you."

"Make up your mind."

"I made it up. All I says was—"

"Right you are, let it ride." Grogan cut him short. Not one of the witnesses that made a policeman's lot a happy one! "Now at Symonds' place. You go there afterwards, do you?"

"No, I go there first."

"Where do you leave the milk?"

"At Symonds'? Round by the back verandah. He leaves a billy out in a box by the steps."

"He sleeps out there, doesn't he, on the back verandah?"

"That's right."

"Can you see him in bed there?"

"I can if I look."

"Did you happen to look on Saturday morning?"

Luxton opened his mouth to say, "No. I didn't." Then he shut it again and blinked once or twice.

"Come to think of it," he said grudgingly, "I never got as far as the verandah Sat'd'y."

"How was that?"

He looked at the detective, trying to gauge the importance of what he was remembering.

At last he said, slowly: "On Sat'd'y—I dunno why—it'd never been there before—the billy was stuck up on the gate post so I never needed to go up to the verandah."

Please turn to page 39

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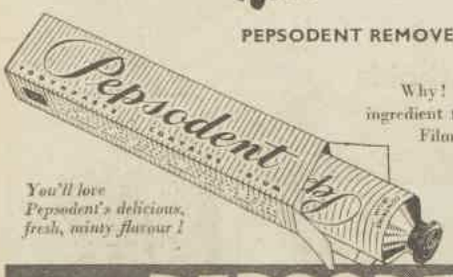

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 38

PACKING her few purchases into her basket, Elizabeth asked casually, "Did Mrs. Druitt have a nice week-end up with her mother?"

Druitt, fat and sullen, faced her across the counter. "Couldn't say. She's not home yet."

She felt her face go blank. This was a check she had never anticipated. She lingered uncertainly.

"Well, that's nice for her," she heard herself say. "It'll do her good. She doesn't often get away from the shop, does she?"

"A good deal oftener than what I do. Had one of her headaches comin' on, so she said. Nerves, that's her trouble."

"I suppose it's this business of Miss McGrath's death that's upset her."

"Couldn't say. She never could stand the least bit o' trouble. Nerves goes all to pieces."

"I think we're all suffering from the shock of it."

"Can't say as I am. Not my business. We all got plenty o' worries without we don't want to take on what other people bring on 'em-selves."

He stood firm, backed by shelves of tinned and packeted goods.

"Will Mrs. Druitt be home today?" she asked, and wished she hadn't, because all at once Druitt's dull little eyes sharpened.

Then he glanced quickly past her and out the doorway. "She might be. More likely she'll wait till tomorrow. I'll expect her when I see her. Will there be anything else?"

"Not at the moment, thank you, Mr. Druitt." She eased towards the door, fatally certain that she had caused *him* to suspect that her interest in Mrs. Druitt's movements sprang from more than idle curiosity.

She turned back down the bend in the noonday glare and plodded on, feeling lifeless after this morning's crisis with Ted and the detectives.

When she came to Kenneth's gates something drew her inside. Athol would be home, she thought, and she would go in and talk to him for a while.

Athol's door was wide and he was sitting on a stool with his back to it, at work on one of his cleverly painted, emptily slick canvases.

Hearing her step, he turned and got up and came to meet her, made her come in, made a fuss of her.

They talked fitfully for a while, she sprawling on the divan, he perched on his stool.

Presently he said: "As a matter of fact, I'm glad you came straying in here this morning. There's something I want to tell you."

"To tell me?" She leant up on her elbow. Was there not one minute that could be free from apprehension?

"Yes," he said. "I'd been wondering before you came in just how much one should confide in others in a case like this. You know what I mean, dear?" He smiled tentatively.

"Not in anyone of course. But don't you think that to talk things over with a chosen confidant may be rewarding? Or is it better to be all three of those sanctimonious little brass monkeys that adorn suburban mantelpieces?"

The side-light fell on his sallow face and on the lock of blond hair that straggled over his forehead. Elizabeth thought, without thinking, He's older than he looks. Those tense lines round mouth and eyes tell of a long petty warfare with ways and means. Is that care-free manner of his something of a mask?

"Oh, stop it! It's not that hot."

"However," he went on without waiting for her to answer, "enough of caution. What I was going to tell you is this. Do you remember that on Friday evening Kenneth pretended he knew nothing of Enone's movements?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, actually he knew quite well she was coming up for the week-end."

"Athol! Impossible! He denied it. How do you know?"

"He was speaking to her on the telephone at six-thirty. She rang him just after he got in and told him."

"Did he tell you?"

Athol gave a laugh.

"Darling, allow me the face-saver of the eavesdropper! I couldn't 'elp but 'ear! And I must say I couldn't 'elp but 'ear that he didn't sound at all pleased at the prospect. Not at all. Far from it."

Elizabeth stared up at him, trying to see all round the implications of this. She hustled aside the most sinister.

"Well, what if he did know and said he didn't? I really don't think that means anything . . . one way or another."

"You don't? Good. I'm glad to hear you say it. But there's one other thing about Friday night."

He came and stood by the couch.

"I told the police that he'd been playing his gramophone all the evening. I expect I'd continue to say it. But afterwards I went over the evening in my mind and I recalled that there had been at least—well, let's say at least twenty minutes when no music came from the study. Then the music started up again."

He looked sideways at her with his glance so casual and yet so searching. "You see what I mean?"

She asked slowly: "What time was this—this pause?"

"Round about nine."

"You mean he might have left the house between one record and another?"

He shrugged. "Well . . . there you are. It doesn't take more than three or four minutes to get to the bus stop. Oh, darling, isn't it sordid! This crime in our midst! A man goes out—possibly—to take a stroll on a warm evening and you and I instantly conclude—"

"No, I don't, I refuse to conclude anything," she cried.

"Then you think I was right to keep it under my hat?"

"Of course."

"The only thing is supposing these blue-serge bloodhounds should get on the trail of someone else? It'd be a big responsibility for me—and for you now I've told you—to keep our mouths shut."

He paused, then went on carefully, "Peter was saying yesterday something about the inspector asking Ted a lot of fatuous questions as to where he bought that powder-case. Now if they should get some imaginary line on him. If Ted or—or somebody else should be on the spot—"

"Don't!" Was she going to have to face this problem, too?

"You're right." He turned quickly. "Don't let's think about it. Let's have a drink. I'll get some ice."

He took up a bowl and went across the courtyard to Kenneth's kitchen and refrigerator.

Alone, Elizabeth relaxed. Her head fell back on the cushion, and out of her hair fell one of her gold-rimmed combs. It slid to the floor between the couch and the wall.

She got up to recover it, pulled out the day-bed a foot or two and leaned over.

The comb was there and she reached down for it, but at the moment of picking it up something else caught her eye. Something lying beside it that held her there, gazing down as though the thing she saw robbed her of all movement.

To be continued

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But I never look ill from cold or a chill,
My health I can are assure,
By wetting my throttle in time with a bottle
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

More Than Money

Continued from page 9

GLEN followed Sybil out on to the tarmac. "Yes, fantastic," he said. "Do you want to look over the flight plan?"

"Should I? I told you just what I wanted to do, didn't I?"

"Better take a look. Joe, you and Joyce get aboard."

"And be sure they have the luggage in right, Miss Carmichael. I'll want Numbers 1 to 10 in Mexico City."

"And when are we going to be in Mexico City?" Glen asked, ominously.

"Why, to-night, of course."

"Look, Mrs. Dufraine," he said wearily. He knew how this would go but he might as well make a try.

"You told me on Tuesday that you wanted to get to Rio by the fastest possible route. So I made arrangements to go down the coast to Miami and then follow Incorporated's airway via Belem and the cut-off route across Brazil. None of that is even close to Mexico City."

"Tuesday, did you say?" Sybil said, vaguely. "I guess that was before the wire came from Carlos. He said he'd be simply shattered if we didn't stop there on the way down. I thought I'd told you."

"Just go on out and get aboard, please," Glen said with remarkable forbearance. "We'll take off in about five minutes."

This was going to be just like the short trips, only worse, and they were off to a fine beginning. He cleared for New Orleans instead of Miami and wired Incorporated for Central American instead of Carribbean communications.

Once in the air he felt better. As always the feel and sound of the plane began to soothe him. The plane was a beautiful machine and still relatively new to him; he'd picked it up at the factory less than a month ago.

About fifteen minutes later Joyce came into the cockpit. She flopped into the jump seat, pulled off her cap and ran her fingers through her hair. "Well, Sybil's in top form to-day, isn't she?"

"Practically perfect," Glen said.

The stewardess' call-buzzer whirred. She sighed, put her cap on haphazardly, and went out.

Poor kid, Glen thought. She was finding out how you earned Sybil's fabulous salaries. If he could get any reasonable job with Incorporated Airlines, so they could both bail out . . .

Incorpocated's Westmoreland was the only top airlines man Glen knew of who wasn't impressed with Sybil's money or the number of shares she held.

"I'll give you a co-pilot's job," he'd said one day in Miami. "If you ever come round just tell me Sybil's money has gone sour. And you'd better be sincere."

The money was sour, all right, but he'd been a master captain with Coast Airlines for four years before they wrapped him up in this deal, and a man just didn't go from being a master captain to co-pilot.

If he could figure out some way to get Westmoreland to put him on as captain with a future in operations management.

Mexico City was about like all other places Glen had been with Sybil Dufraine: the staff cooled their heels in the best hotel while Sybil deposited herself in somebody's high-priced hacienda.

But Joyce's Spanish was completely idiomatic, and she had a talent for ferreting out non-tourist restaurants and night-clubs. It was a good period of partial escape—and then Glen began again the argument about their getting married.

"If you do love me," he said to Joyce, "this is very silly. It could go on for years."

"You could quit," Joyce pointed out.

"Sure. I could go to work as co-pilot, provided our Sybil didn't decide that she wanted to keep me from getting any kind of a job in the industry."

"You know how I feel. I can live on a co-pilot's salary, with your self-respect, but I can't live on Sybil's money without it," Joyce said.

They'd been over it before, and it always wound up the same way. But Joyce was wrong in spots, Glen thought. A certain amount of money was important; he didn't intend to marry her and scrape along on a co-pilot's wages these days.

And then there was the caste line drawn in the industry between co-pilot and captain; once a man crossed it he didn't go back and cross it again.

The next day Sybil showed up with Carlos and a half-dozen other friends, and they flew to Guatemala City. About midnight she telephoned to announce that she wanted to take off early in the morning. For a lark, Carlos and his friends were riding down with them and catching a commercial flight back from Balboa.

At eight the next morning the Guatemala airport terminal was empty, except for a porter setting the shades against the sun, and quiet, except for a chatter of Morse keys and static behind a door marked RADIO STATION.

Glen leaned on a deserted traffic counter and wondered how late Sybil would be. Smollett was checking the weather and coping with Customs, and Joyce had gone in to say hello to the Incorporated Airlines Station Manager.

Glen shifted his weight restlessly, then spread out on the counter the morning paper's English edition and began reading its hysterical account of the current revolution down the line.

"Glen," Joyce called from the door next to the radio station, "come on in if you're not doing anything. It's quite interesting."

He folded the paper and went into the office.

"This is John McBrien," Joyce said. "Glen Redman."

JOHN McBRIEN was small and dark, with a worried Irish face. He was perspiring profusely. As they shook hands a panel in the wall snapped open and a hand holding a yellow radiogram came through.

"All the usual from Miami, John," a voice beyond the wall said.

McBrien reached for the message. Reading it, he took out a handkerchief and rubbed it across his brow and then over his whole head. He held the dispatch out to Glen. It read, with classic directness: GET THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF THERE TO-DAY, WESTMORELAND.

"It's so gentle," McBrien said. "It always surprises me that they aren't delivered in some explosion of sulphur smoke or dynamite."

"What's up?" Glen asked seriously.

"Why, it's this revolution business. It broke fast, and we have some 20 people stuck there in Santa Onda. Including Kate Westmoreland—the boss' daughter." McBrien dropped the punch line with a nice instinct for dramatic timing.

"What's she doing there?"

"She's married to the attache. He tried to get her to go home a couple of months ago—there was trouble brewing then. She wouldn't go. Said there always was trouble brewing down there. Only this time we've really got it—fast and good! The rebels have the airport, and the authorities have clamped the lid on.

"Even with their own people in there they've forbidden U.S. aircraft to go in until the situation settles down. The boss has telephoned everybody, but they won't give us an exemption for even one flight."

Please turn to page 41

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More Than Money

Continued from page 40

THE message hatch flew open again and McBrien twitched.

"Relax, John. Santa Onta," the voice said.

"Well, at least you're still in communication."

"Yes. They're holed up in our airport building in the delusion that we're going to come and get them."

McBrien passed the second message to Joyce, and she scanned it and handed it on to Glen: ALL O.K. FIRES IN TOWN. NOT MUCH SHOOTING. KATE SAYS TELL BOSS TO RELAX.

"Can't you see me relaying that message?" McBrien said, mopping his face again. "She's the one human spot in that two hundred pounds of chilled steel, and I'm supposed to tell him to relax!"

Westmoreland's only child, and Westmoreland in a sweat, Glen thought. Very interesting. Why, this could be downright providential.

"Listen," Glen said, "why don't you just fake an emergency landing, load them on, and get out again?"

"I thought of that yesterday, but we'd never get away with it. Our certificate might be revoked. We've kicked up such a storm trying to get the exemption that they couldn't ignore our doing it even if they would.

"Any of the South American carriers could go in but they're all tickled to death to see Westmoreland in trouble. The biggest plane I can charter carries three people, counting the pilot."

"So what would the authorities do," Glen said musingly, "if a privately owned U.S. plane went in there? Like Sybil Dufraine's?"

He was almost ashamed, watching the expression of radiant hope breaking over McBrien's face. He couldn't possibly commit himself yet. He still worked for Sybil, and simple ethics ruled out taking any real chances with her plane.

"Glen," Joyce said, "she wouldn't do it. Never in the world. You know that."

"Yes, I know that. Look, McBrien, how much time would you need to warn those people, assuming Mrs. Dufraine would do it? From what the papers say, I wouldn't want to be on the ground long."

"Fifteen minutes would give me time to get a message to them. They'll be ready right then—if the rebels will let them go."

"So there's that, too?"

"Always. You can never tell from one hour to the next how these rebels will react in a situation."

Joe Smollett's head appeared in the doorway. "Hey, Skipper, Mrs. Dufraine is on board and she says she hasn't got all day."

"OK, Joe. Be right with you." He shook hands quickly with John McBrien. "McBrien, if it were my plane it would be different, but as it is I can't tell you a thing right now."

"I know how it is, Redman. I didn't get you in here to try to use you."

"You have no idea how it is, my friend," Glen said, grinning. "I'll be talking to you if I can get it figured out."

Walking out to the plane Smollett chattered cheerfully about his big deals with Customs. Joyce made no comments on anything. The plane was shining in the sun.

She's a might pretty plane, Glen thought. It would be a shame to put any bullet holes in her.

Sybil was peering impatiently out of one of the ports in the forward lounge. Her voice reached out at him as they came aboard. "I told you eight o'clock, Captain Redman. We are brunching with Bootsie in Balboa."

Please turn to page 42

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More Than Money

Continued from page 41

GLEN said, "Sorry, Mrs. Dufraine. We will try to pick up time on the way."

That decided Glen. His compunction about involving her in the fray had evaporated. Time wasn't the only thing they were going to pick up on the way. Scratch one brunch with Bootsie.

As soon as they were in the air he turned the controls over to Smollett and went back to where Joyce was fussing in the galley-bar. He glanced over his shoulder to establish that they were out of Sybil's line of vision, then put his arms around her.

"Hello, kid," he said. "Feel like practising some Spanish this morning?"

"So you're going to do it."

He couldn't tell exactly what she thought of the idea. "Could be. You used to work for Westmoreland. How grateful do you think he'd be?"

"What particular piece of Incorporated Airlines do you want to own?" she asked. She was grinning at him.

"Any piece that will feed a wife—a rather thin wife. Now listen, Skinny, this is the way we'll have to do it . . ."

Back in the cockpit Glen settled into his seat and looked over at Smollett again. "Remember how to fly her on three engines, Joe?"

Smollett pushed back the earphones and looked at him.

"Three engines," Glen repeated.

"Oh, sure." Smollet flicked the phone back on one ear and looked down at the chart. "Why? Something sound sour?"

"The Captain," Glen said solemnly, "is responsible for assuring that the operational information of the crew is adequate to meet all eventualities. We will check you on the paper pushing. Where are we right now?"

Smollett shook his head disgustedly and rattled off: "We've been in the air 47 minutes, cruising at 285 indicated air speed. Ground speed is a little better—300 or so. Estimating over Santa Omla 10:03. Estimating arrival Balboa 11:35."

Glen grinned, straightened up. He snapped his own headphones on, picked up his mike, punched the control button to shift the command radio to Incorporated's airport frequency. "No. 835 to Incorporated, Guatemala. Over," he said into the mike.

"No. 835, this is Incorporated. Guatemala. Go ahead," a voice crackled at him. Obviously they were keeping a good guard on Sybil's plane.

"Ask McBrien to step in and talk, please."

"Go ahead, 835." A different voice sounded in the earphone.

"Hi, McBrien. You have forty minutes to get that cargo we were talking about ready. OK?" There was a brief pause on McBrien's end. Then finally: "Thanks."

Glen said happily: "Don't mention it. Glad to do it. And when you radio Westmoreland please send him one from me. Have it read: 'See I'm sincere. When shall I come around?' That's all. Just sign it 'Redman.' OK?"

"Got it. Anything else I ought to know?"

"The less the better at this stage. Over and out. Thanks again. Redman. Out."

Glen racked the mike and earphones.

"What's going on?" Smollett asked.

"Joe, I hate to mess up your charts, but we're landing this ship at Santa Omla."

Smollett was excitable most of the time, but he accepted the announcement with surprising calm. "They're shooting at people there, you know," he said, working the computer on the chart.

"The rebels have the airport," Glen said, studying the instruments.

"I don't think Mrs. Dufraine wants to go to Santa Omla to-day, Captain," Smollett said.

"No, she doesn't," Glen answered absently. "She has a brunch date, and she will be very angry. We're going into Santa Omla on three engines, in case the authorities want to ask any questions."

"But just why are we going in there?"

"What? Oh, to get some friends of a friend. They got marooned when the airport was closed."

Smollett carefully tucked the charts and computer into their rack, stood up, and started for the door. "It sounds just lovely, Captain. The only catch is that I'm going to tell Mrs. Dufraine about it."

Trouble from Smollett was a thing he should have thought of. Being in no position to dive for him, Glen settled for throwing all the authority of six years' captaining into his voice. "Come back here."

The co-pilot's conditioned reflexes worked. Smollett paused, his hand on the door handle.

"Don's be a dope, Joe" Glen said, in his normal voice. "Come on back and sit down and think a minute."

Smollett didn't come back, but he didn't go out the door either.

Glen watched him over his shoulder. "Joe, you want to make my salary, don't you? Well, that's just what I'm trying to fix up for you—if you'll keep your mouth shut.

"Besides, if you went out and told her this wild story, the first thing she'd do would be send for me, and I'd have to tell her you were lying. It wouldn't be me that would get fired, Joe. If you tell her now you'll be dealing yourself out of all that lovely money."

Smollett came back reluctantly and slid into his seat. "You'll spend the rest of your life in gaol for misappropriating her plane," he said glumly. "I hear the cells are usually full of cockroaches, too."

"Joe, you've got a great future in the Dufraine household." He didn't have any more time to fool around, so he added in his professional voice. "Tell Air Traffic Control we're landing at Santa Omla. Emergency. If they tell you the field is closed, tell them I know it. Pilot's discretion."

Number three engine probably would be the best one to shut off. Glen reached down and almost closed the mixture control. In a second or two the engine growled and spat an alarming yard-long flame, followed by several smaller ones, and a series of gratifyingly loud backfires.

He hoped he was making enough fireworks to attract the passengers' attention.

DECISIVELY, Glen threw the switch. There was a moment of seething as the engine went out. Then the ship steadied.

"Control is upset," Smollett announced, after listening to the radio. "Also, they say since when has one engine out been an emergency on a four-engined plane?"

"Tell them it looks as if we're losing Number One too."

"Now listen—" Smollett began irately.

"Listen yourself—I said it looks as if, not we are."

Smollett went back to the radio. Glen methodically squeezed down the control on Number One engine until a bare dribble of gas was reaching it. It began to howl and spit. When he was satisfied with the effect he pressed the stewardess' call-button.

Almost immediately the door to the cabin opened and Joyce came in.

"How does the show look from the stalls?" Glen asked.

"Wonderful. I was a little shaken myself."

This is fine, he thought. Sybil ought to be in a mood to be talked into landing on the first available treetop. Glen wished he could go back and talk to her himself.

"Now listen carefully, Skinny. I want you to give it to her just this way—and be sincere. We don't want to have to fool around with her until afterwards. Tell her I say there seems to be something wrong with the fuel we got in Guatemala last night—my guess is that there's water in it.

Joyce nodded and Glen went on: "We've lost one engine and another is playing up, so I'm going in to Santa Omla. To console her a little you'd better say there won't be any danger. With two engines still running we'll still have all our control surfaces and the hydraulic system. If this is one of her smart days you can say that the two good engines are on the same tank, and it has the fuel we got in Mexico in it. Come back and tell me how she takes it."

Please turn to page 43

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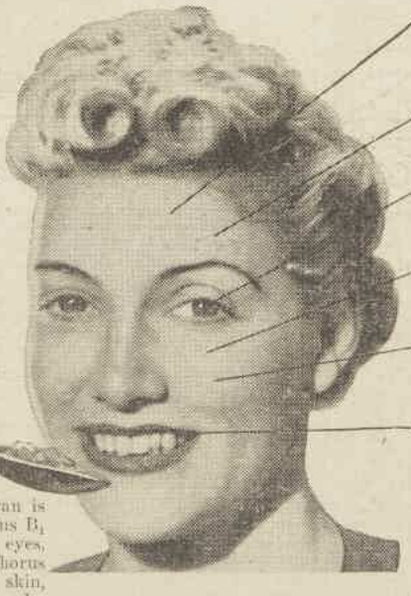

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"TIRED BLOOD" and irregularity go hand-in-hand!

BLEMISHES! When your blood lacks iron it gets weak and tired . . . clogged with impurities. Pimples, blackheads and boils follow. Kellogg's All-Bran cleanses out **blood** impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. Helps keep skin clear and healthy.

ALL-BRAN ENRICHES THE BLOOD!

You don't know how well you **can** feel until you enrich your blood with IRON and become regular the **natural** way — **at the same time!** Kellogg's All-Bran is rich in iron . . . actually richer than spinach. It helps build good red blood.

Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN***

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Hold golf club bindings in place with thin, strong "DUREX" Tape. Then varnish over tape.

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Handy Plaid Dispenser with 300 ins. 1-in. TAPE . 2/6
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Also a Heavy-Duty Dispenser at 15/- plus tax, and a Desk Dispenser at 12/- nett. Tape extra.

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING

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DR/118

New Treatment for

FIBROSITIS

(Rheumatic type pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs due to Fibrositis, you should take Rontind at mealtime. Rontind is a recently developed formula and is now available in Australia at all Chemists to relief your disabling pains in three 7 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes every irritating acids and poisons which devitalise your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Rontind gives quick and positive results. Try it under the guarantee that it must satisfy completely or your money back (less refund of empty Cash Offer Rontind from your chemist to-day.

More Than Money

Continued from page 42

JOYCE was back in a very short while, grinning broadly. "Mrs. Dufraine's respects to the captain, and what will she do if they shoot at her in Santa Omla?"

"The same thing the rest of us will—hope it isn't fatal. Get her and the gang moved into the aft lounge. Tell her they can get out easier from the back if anything goes wrong on the landing. I don't think there'll be any argument.

"We'll start letting down in about five minutes—should be on the ground in about fifteen. You'd better stay back there and hold her hand, but come out and lock them in when we're on the final approach. I hope you can talk fast to those men on the ground."

"I'll talk to them. Come along back as soon as you can, though."

"Don't open the door until I get there. Who knows, maybe they build them bullet-proof."

"You know, Glen," she said irrelevantly, "I may not have mentioned it in the last five minutes, but I think you're quite a person."

"Likewise, I'm sure. Now get out of here. You distract me."

Five minutes later Glen could see a cloud of smoke from the fires in Santa Omla. He eased the ship into a glide, straight into the airport. It was a good approach. The big ship settled smoothly, touched, rolled down the slab.

Glen slipped his safety buckle and stood up. "Taxi her up to the terminal building, Joe, and stay in the cockpit."

"It'll be a pleasure."

Being into it this far, the only thing to do was be nonchalant, Glen decided. He pushed the emergency ladder out and climbed down, then turned and helped Joyce, ignoring the jeep that was charging on them.

The jeep had liberally armed thugs hanging all over it. Suddenly it spun insanely and stopped, and a fat man carrying a tommy gun jumped out. There was a deluge of staccato, angry-sounding Spanish.

Joyce stood up very straight and answered. Glen caught the magic word "Dufraine" and not much else, except the impression that the magic didn't work in these parts.

The man gestured with the tommy gun and screamed another uncivil-sounding paragraph.

Joyce turned to Glen. She didn't look scared, just angry. "Fatso says we are to get aboard and take off immediately."

"Tell him nothing would give us greater pleasure—as soon as he hands over the people we came for."

Joyce told Fatso. Then Fatso told her.

"He says there are no Americans here," Joyce said. "And even if there were he could not permit them to leave because the airport is closed to international aviation until the filthy reactionaries in the city admit their folly and surrender."

"That's quite a mouthful. Tell him he's a lying old fraud. No, on second thought, you'd better tell him that we are a United States vessel despatched by the United States Government to take aboard the United States citizens who are being illegally detained here."

"That ought to hold him," Joyce said.

It did make some minor impression. Fatso removed his hat, meanwhile keeping the tommy gun in working position in his right hand. It was a trick that Glen was forced to admire. And it gave him an idea at the moment Joyce turned to him for further verbal ammunition.

"Now say that although he may not have heard of that famous and philanthropic American heiress, Sybil Dufraine, he undoubtedly has heard of the U.S. Air Force.

"Deeply as we respect him personally, and much as we hate to take this unpleasant tone, we feel it only fair to point out that, unless I make a radio report before noon that I am in the air with all the Americans safely on board, more drastic action will be taken."

"Just for the record, do you think these ideas up ahead of time, or do you make them up as you go along?"

"They come to me in a blinding white flash," he said modestly. "Pull out all the stops, Skinny, and put the implications into it. We'll be in sad shape if Fatso calls his friends."

It was the wildest bluff yet, but it worked. Fatso turned and addressed the jeep driver. The jeep took off like a scalded rabbit towards a small building beyond the terminal.

Having made the major concession Fatso gave up all semblance of savagery, tucked the tommy gun under his arm, and allowed the liquid sound of pleasant Spanish conversation to come into his voice.

In a few minutes the Americans came straggling down the runway: two families with children, perhaps twelve men and women carrying suitcases and canvas bags. Glen assisted them up the ladder and waved them into the forward lounge.

Kate Westmoreland was among the last. Instead of hurrying aboard as the others had she stopped and stood beside Glen.

"I'm Kate Camden," she said. "I knew Dad was fond of me, but I never thought he'd send one of his brand new planes after me. In fact, I didn't even know he had any of them yet."

"The boss may not even know we're in here. This plane belongs to Sybil Dufraine."

"For heaven's sake!" Kate Westmoreland Camden said. "Where is she?"

"Locked in the aft compartment."

KATE WESTMORELAND threw back her head and laughed. "You've got a nerve. You ought to work for Dad."

"I'm going to have to work for somebody after this," he said. "I'll be unpleasantly surprised if it isn't for Incorporated Airlines."

"I expect it will be," Kate said over her shoulder as she got into the plane.

Joyce and Fatso were bidding each other an effusive good-bye. Fatso turned and bowed to Glen, and Glen returned it as sweepingly as possible. He and Joyce went aboard. They taxied and took off. It was all over but the shouting.

The shouting didn't start until they were ten minutes off the ground. In the interval of peace he'd had time to check in with McBrien in Guatemala and scribble down Westmoreland's answer to his radiogram.

"I rarely apologise, but I'll talk about a captain's job. How about to-morrow?"

Glen was reaching up to buzz for Joyce when she came in.

"I opened up the aft lounge," Joyce said. "Sybil's realised we were faking and she's really in a typhoon. She wants you to come back there right away."

"Take it easy, Skinny. Ask her to come up here, please."

Please turn to page 45

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3993W, G.P.O., Sydney.

LUCK!

Whenever people go away for a holiday, buy new clothes, furniture, a car, or a home, somebody is sure to say, "I wish I had their luck."

What do they mean, luck? In the great majority of cases such things are not the result of luck but of steady saving—the putting away of a few pounds or shillings each pay-day in a Commonwealth Savings Bank account.

Those who depend on a lucky break to provide them with the comforts and necessities of life usually earn their money the hard way, only to part with it the easy way. They keep trying for the million-to-one chance, while others, who know that saving is a certainty, are enjoying the fruits of thrift.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers everyone every assistance and encouragement to save at any one of the 420 Branches and 4,200 Agencies throughout the Commonwealth.

COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

There's a Branch or Agency in your District. Accounts may be used anywhere in Australia.

CSBM 82

'Borofax,' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply . . . cannot spill . . . and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

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Thousands of Australians have successfully fought

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS

Lantigen 'C' works through the Bloodstream to

TREAT and PROMOTE IMMUNITY

HERE IS REAL RELIEF. Many thousands of former sufferers from the excruciating pain, nerve racking discomfort and deformities caused by Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis, have gained prompt relief and freedom from pain through a course of Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine.

Lantigen 'C' works through the bloodstream to neutralise the poisonous effects of the germs which cause Rheumatic conditions. Infection is overcome, pain goes and immunity is promoted which may last for years.

Read these Personally Written Testimonies

Awful Pain from NEURITIS Relieved: Vic. "My arm was useless, and my hand was heavy and swollen, and I could not dress myself in the mornings. The pain eased off during the day, but at nights I could not stay in bed for the awful twisting pains. I decided to try LANTIGEN. I really did not expect good results, as I had tried so many treatments. Anyhow, I am pleased to say I am all right and have been for two months now. I was bad for months."—E.A.

Severe Pain of RHEUMATISM: Mosman, N.S.W. "I have suffered a great deal from Rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle bones seemed as if they were being ground to powder, and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better."—H.K.

Railwayman Better After SCIATICA: Sawtell, N.S.W. "Approximately 12 months ago I wrote to you about Lantigen treatment for Sciatica; at that time I was off duty from the Railway Dept., suffering from these pains and could not possibly carry out my duties. You sent me a chart on diet, and I started the treatment. Might I add that before this I had been under treatment which cost in the vicinity of £20 for medicine, which did me no good at all. I started your treatment, and before finishing the first bottle I was back at work and have not suffered with this complaint since."—W. Gough.

Bedridden from FIBROSITIS: East Coburg, Victoria. "I was suffering severely from Fibrositis, in bed for 3 months, quite helpless and in terrible pain all over my body. I have always been a very healthy person, but I thought I was going to be an invalid for the rest of my life. A friend advised me to try Lantigen 'C'; I did, and after the third bottle I began to feel much better, and when the fourth bottle was finished I was able to do anything. I am so very thankful and I cannot praise Lantigen 'C' too highly. At present I am 100 per cent."—(Mrs.) Alice Douglas.

THESE ARE THE SYMPTOMS . . .

PAIN and inflammation of the joints, including knee, ankle, wrist and elbow.

MUSCULAR PAINS at the back of the legs, back, shoulders, and arms.

STIFFNESS caused by swelling and inflammation of the sheaths of muscles and nerves.

SWELLING and deformity of joints, sometimes the complete destruction of the cartilage.

HOW LANTIGEN 'C' WORKS

LANTIGEN 'C' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF

Lantigen 'C' is a Dissolved Oral Vaccine prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. It is specially designed to counteract the germs and their poisons which are the main causes of Rheumatic Conditions.

WORKS THROUGH THE BLOOD-STREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the mouth, throat, and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'C' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

IMMUNITY PROMOTED

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "rheumatic" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation, relieve pain, improve general health. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS

Searing joint and muscle pains are relieved, swelling is reduced, your appetite and digestion improve, you sleep through the night without pain—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS

Just take Lantigen 'C' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime as directed.

NO DRUGS

Lantigen 'C' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments.

ECONOMICAL

The recommended treatment costs only 3½d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'C' can bring to you.

HERE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE RHEUMATIC CONDITIONS:

These illustrations based on actual laboratory micro-photographs show what Rheumatic germs look like: (1) streptococci (polyvalent); (2) staphylococcus aureus; (3) Bact. coli.

MEDICAL OPINION

ON ORAL IMMUNISATION

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal Infections, Rheumatic conditions, and Catarrhal Enteroenteritis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR . . .

Lantigen 'C'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

★ LANTIGEN "C" FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS LANTIGEN "C" ★

LANTIGEN "C" FOR NEURITIS, SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO

LANTIGEN "C" FOR NEURITIS, SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO

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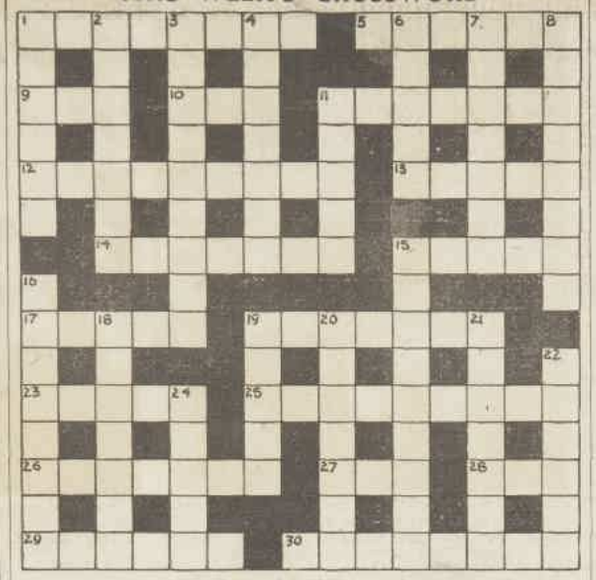
LIFESAVER AT FIVE YEARS

WARREN Trowsdale, aged 5, of Melbourne, Victoria, started life as a blue baby. This summer, he learned to swim in seven days, quickly tackled diving and lifesaving. It's all one to the game little ex-blue baby. "Warren's as bright as a button" declared his mother. "Always ready for his meals, and I see that he gets a daily ration of Vegemite." Vegemite is an essential for children's diets—a delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B_1 than other similar extracts. Vegemite is rich in niacin too, and contains no starch. See that kiddies have Vegemite every day.

V310

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Permanent inhabitant who takes side in his rent (8).
5. A puritanical fanatic (6).
9. Transgression of which seven are deadly (3).
10. Fifty and French permit (3).
11. Obvious the outside of which is clearly an event (7).
12. English town well known for its mean time (9).
13. Though mainly confused ruse yet looks after the sick (8).
14. Vane leg (Anagr. 7).
15. Heavyweight I see in this remedy (5).
17. Originated from a flower (3).
19. Father's is back on ardent love (7).
23. Fruit coppers is old-fashioned (3).
25. Male bites (Anagr. 8).
26. Small towels sleep tightly with relatives (3).
27. Sort of beard, but not on the face (7).
28. Destiny (3).
29. Diminish not so much printer's measure (6).
30. Irregular dense our reprimanded (8).

DOWN

1. Surrender about mark (6).
2. Genuine transgression with one hundred before (7).
3. Delete in a mixed portray (9).
4. Catching a clear thing without aspiration (7).
6. Constellation or moving matter carrying electricity (5).
7. Holy cream in chief ingredient of tallow (7).
8. Cub down concerning ditch (8).
11. Feminine name (5).
15. Ornamentations of neat Chinese dynasties (9).
16. Fundamental high-ranking churchman (8).
18. Back company to suppurated matter is a mollusc (7).
19. The newspapers exert steady force (5).
20. Gratify rested and I consumed (7).
21. Belonging to stellar matter of Chiffey, and a disturbed Russian mountain range (7).
22. Canonised in reed was still (6).
24. Urge the medico I have (5).

P	I	C	T	U	R	E	O	F	H	E	A	L	T	H
U		O		P		R				L		A		O
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O	B	O	E		A	S	T	E	R		I	N	C	A
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C		T		S				O		A		E		E
O	N	S	P	E	A	K	I	N	G	T	E	R	M	S

Solution to last week's crossword

The Quickest and Safest way to polish Silver

Itch Germs

Cause Killed in 3 Days

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing **Asthma** and **Bronchitis** poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly, **Mendaco**—the famous scientific prescription — circulates through the blood, quickly relieving the attacks. The very first day the strangling constriction is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless **Mendaco** tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis 10 next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. **Mendaco** is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get **Mendaco** from your chemist. The guaranteed relief protects you.

Mendaco

Aerosol Asthma★Bronchitis★Hay Fever

More Than Money

Continued from page 43

SMOLLETT shuddered, and Joyce went to tell Sybil Dufraine. In approximately thirty seconds the cabin door banged open, and Sybil rocketed through.

"What is the meaning of this?" she said, in medium register. "Since when have I been coming to you when I want to speak to you? What was the matter with the plane? And who are those people in the cabin?"

"The people I went into Santa Ontla to pick up," Glen said, as though it were an entirely reasonable explanation. He was going to enjoy this. "I decided an emergency landing would look better in case the authorities want to make an issue of it."

"Authorities!" Her voice was limbering up nicely.

"Oh, yes. They've forbidden U.S. planes to land in Santa Ontla until the shooting is over."

There was no vestige of vagueness about Sybil in a rage. She sputtered a little on her delivery, but on the whole she was very explicit, leading off with, "For the money I pay I expect to be able to get a pilot who doesn't take chances with my life," and progressing rapidly to a guarantee that she'd nail his hide to the terminal building when they landed in Balboa.

When she wound up some eight minutes later Glen said calmly, "Sybil, you aren't going to do any of that. In the first place there isn't a charge in the book that you could make stick. There isn't a scratch on the plane.

"In the second place, if you turn me in nothing will happen to me. The owner to whom the aircraft is licensed is responsible for its compliance with all permanent and temporary regulations, so it would be you who'd take the rap. And you can't fire me, because I've quit."

"I certainly can see that you never get a job."

"Sorry, Sybil. Wrong again. You don't scare Bill Westmoreland a bit—and his daughter is sitting out there in the back of this crate."

He had her, and she knew it. She turned on her heel and left.

"Whew!" Smollett said, slowly expelling a deep breath.

"You'll earn the money, Joe," Glen said, grinning. "Every penny of it. And you might as well take over right now. I've got to see a girl about a wedding date."

Glen picked up the copy of Westmoreland's radiogram and started for the cabin. Just as he reached the door it opened, and Joyce came through.

For a split second, as Glen bent to kiss her, he felt very sorry for Sybil Dufraine. She had nothing but her money while he had a life that was his own again, and the airline business waiting for him, and the look in Joyce's eyes that was waiting for him, too.

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Meet this new

PARKER

"51"

-the only pen with the

Aero-metric ink system

HERE'S NEWS. There is a NEW Parker "51." This world-famous pen now has the great *new* Aero-metric Ink System — a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing and releasing ink, to give the most satisfactory pen performance ever known.

NEW FEATURES
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SLEEPLESS, NERVY

Now sleeps and eats well, thanks to Bidomak

"I have been suffering from insomnia, loss of appetite, and nerves . . . a complete breakdown appeared imminent. I was persuaded to try Bidomak and, after six weeks' treatment, I sleep soundly and eat well."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E.L., N. Perth, W.A.

If you are nervy, tired out, and suffer the mental torture of exhausting, sleepless nights, your trouble may be caused by lack of vital minerals in your nerve tissues and bloodstream.

Take Bidomak, the tonic of the Century, and you'll be amazed how quickly you regain youthful energy and health. That's because Bidomak gives you rich, red tissue-building blood, charged with the vital minerals your system needs.

Soon your nerves are calmed and strengthened, appetite and vigour return, you sleep refreshingly at night.

Benefit guaranteed or Money Back!

Try pleasant-to-take Bidomak for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, more virally alive, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, your money is refunded on return of the nearly-empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Bidomak provides these extra minerals:—
Iron, Manganese, Copper for the blood—Calcium to aid teeth, blood, bones, nerves—Phosphorus to sharpen the brain—Potassium and Sodium for buoyant muscles and a healthy bloodstream.

The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

"FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

. . . KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN FOR A

Courtley Garment

Quality Coats for Tiny-tots, Boys and Girls and Teen-agers.

AT ALL GOOD DEPARTMENT STORES AND SPECIALTY SHOPS

Wholesale enquiries telegraph: Courtleygarm, Melbourne. Agents all States.

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HERCO
the all purpose
LOTION

care of the skin

Women everywhere are saying "My skin feels soft, smooth, natural and refreshed . . . never drawn, tight or dry since I started using Herco".
Your skin becomes velvet soft . . . tiny lines soften and disappear . . . flaky roughness smooths away when the rich creamy Herco lotion penetrates deep into the pore openings. Lanoline's nourishing benefit and the softening effect of the Olive Oil keep your skin gloriously young.
Herco is scientifically compounded to care for your skin by the three basics of true skin beauty . . . (1) softening; (2) nourishing; (3) protecting.

CONTAINS
Olive Oil

WORMS—Adults suffer, too!
Proper treatment is the only sure remedy.
Comstock's Worm Pellets will banish Stomach and Thread worms quickly, surely and pleasantly. 2/6 everywhere.
COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

TALKING OF FILMS . . .

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *All the King's Men*

ROBERT ROSSEN has traced a notable human-interest story against a background of chicanery in the political arena of an American southern State in his triple Academy Award-winning film, "All the King's Men."

The story tells of the rise and fall of a man of the people—Willie Stark. An honest "hick" in the beginning, with practically no education, he studies law so intensively that he becomes a smart lawyer, winning the confidence of voters, the backing of friends, the blessing of his family.

Defeated in straightforward campaigning, Stark becomes a fiery crusader who jettisons his scruples to become a sharp politician, and eventually a corrupt State Governor, racing head-on for the Presidency of the United States by any rough-and-tumble means that his political machine can muster.

In the end he betrays friends, family, and supporters alike, but it takes a bullet to put an end to his career after a vote to impeach him has failed.

Broderick Crawford's portrayal of Willie Stark is best described as a tour de force. He looks, acts, and is the character, and thereby turns in the best acting performance he has yet done for the screen.

The other interesting personality in the film is Mercedes McCambridge. Hard-looking and speaking in a rasping, mid-western drawl, she is every inch the cynical political fixer that the script calls for. It is a pity that her role peters out in the second half of the film and her impact fades out.

John Ireland is thoughtful and convincing as the newspaper man who stubbornly sticks to his belief that Willie is an honest man.

Noted more briefly are Anne Seymour's portrait of the Governor's farm wife; John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick as the man behind the death gun.

In Sydney—the State.

BETTE DAVIS with her three-year-old daughter, Barbara, on the set of "The Story of a Divorce," in which the little girl appears in a brief sequence. According to mother, she did a good job.

DURING holidays Hollywood children often visit their parents at the studios. Here Stephenie Wanger hands mother, Joan Bennett, a bouquet of roses on the set, while baby sister looks on.

★★ *Three Came Home*

THIS 20th Century-Fox film, which is directed by Jean Negulesco of "Johnny Belinda" fame, is a grim and often touching pictorial record of the sufferings, privations, and anxieties of a group of British and American civilians trapped in the Occupation net.

It is based on American Agnes Newton Keith's story of actual experiences in a Japanese prison camp in Borneo.

The sombre, emotional record is narrated by Claudette Colbert playing the role fo Mrs. Keith, with Patric Knowles as her British husband, and Howard Chuman their small son.

No punches are pulled in this recital of the horrors endured during the three years following capture and imprisonment; we see work-weary, underfed women cruelly beaten by brutish guards, the attempted rape of Mrs. Keith, the pathetic gratitude of camp inmates for the occasional kindness that comes their way.

When most recognisable forms of living seem to have gone forever, the great day of liberation dawns, and emotional reunions end the film on a damp note.

Some filmgoers may consider the picture over-emotional throughout, but against this, when Mrs. Keith relates day-by-day camp happenings, the style becomes almost documentary.

If Claudette Colbert's portrayal of the leading character does not get right under the skin of the audience, she does handle the assignment with dignity and intelligence, and has good support from British Florence Desmond, as a fellow prisoner, and silent-film actor Sessue Hayakawa playing Japanese Colonel Suga.

In Sydney—the Century.

Two Texas Knights

VIVID technicolor provides the brightest note in this musical-cum-Western from Warner Brothers in which Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Dorothy Malone, and Penny Edwards lead the parade in trying to pep up an unfunny story.

There are songs, dances, gags, romances—in fact, everything in the music-film book has been thrown into the production to brighten proceedings, with mediocre results.

Also among those present are Forrest Tucker, playing a heavy-handed Texas lawman; Fred Clark in the part of a horse-doctor who cures Carson of his inhibitions; and Gerald Mohr as a city slicker out to rob the locals.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

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The Favourite Bath Soap of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars.

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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS, alias crime fighter FUNNYMAN, has helped FRANK CONWAY to regain his memory and his wife. Crooks JACK PRENTICE and JIM TAYLOR, who had robbed Conway of money, were captured. With that crime solved, Larry takes friend JUNE FARRELL to a dance and then returns to the broadcasting station where he works.

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): An interesting and vital week is ahead for your financial and material affairs. New resources could open up for you during the week-end, to plan with confidence, for luck is by your side.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Self-confidence is your keynote this week, and the time is now ripe to make your big drive. Something in your personal life should reach a satisfactory climax from May 13 to 15.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): This is a good week to see clearly how to act. Put into practice any latent ideas, for many things that have been held back could move towards achievement from May 14 onwards.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): An excellent week to make new friends, entertain, and look for new adventure and happiness. Practically all days have some advantages for you, and the week-end promises to be particularly interesting.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): With extra courage and enterprise you can make May 13 to 16 one of the most prosperous periods this month. Career, finance, and ambitions are all favored. "Make hay while the sun shines" should be your motto.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): This week is sure to find you very energetic and industrious, with the opportunity to enter new schemes and fresh undertakings. Choose May 14 and 15 for change and activity.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Expect helpful and profitable days from May 13. Income, assets, inheritance, and the help of co-workers are important. A nice windfall or sudden gain is possible this week for you.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): This week starts an important cycle in your life's activities, especially in matters ruling partners, friendships, and marriage. You can look forward to some enthusiastic helpers.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): One of your brightest weeks for work, health, and career. Be active, energetic, and industrious during May 14 and 15. About your best period to make important decisions concerning your future.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A satisfying and happy week for anything that touches your emotional life. Enjoy yourself with others, establish any creative plans. The week-end tends to be very active.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): An excellent week for home affairs and for the favor of relatives and loved ones. During the week-end visit and entertain in your own home, strengthen your close contacts.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): About one of your best weeks for travel, short visits, and interviews, as well as mental and business activity. Choose May 13 to 15 for activities needing extra zest and enthusiasm.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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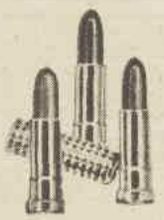
... sultry ... alluring



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Chic Evelyn Keyes earns star rating

A RECENT photograph of Evelyn Keyes, with her hair dyed almost white-blonde, as required for the character in her latest film for Columbia. She plans temporarily to leave it that color.

BETWEEN scenes in her latest picture, Columbia's "The Killer That Stalked New York," actress Evelyn Keyes, who plays the leading feminine role, pours herself a cup of coffee.

Interview with DeMille was first step to film fame

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

For a supposedly shy woman, 32-year-old Evelyn Keyes, who has borne this reputation for years, is a surprise. She talks rapidly, almost excitedly, with racy phrases to emphasise her meaning.

Her fast wit and satirical humor make it dangerous for any soft-skinned acquaintance to make fun at her expense.

USUALLY canny Cecil B. DeMille is responsible for the "shy" tag, for it happens that when he first saw the girl with the reddish-brown hair and dark brown eyes, the unpainted fingernails, and the reluctant smile of a country girl, he scribbled on her application blank, "Natural and unspoiled. Shy."

To-day you would hardly recognise Miss Keyes by this description. Twelve years and 28 pictures later, she has finally achieved success.

Her salary has just now been raised from one thousand to twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week. Her latest starring role is with John Ireland in "The Killer That Stalked New York," and before that she appeared opposite Dick Powell in the screen adaptation of the novel, "Mrs. Mike."

Evelyn has vaulted the barrier separating mediocrity from accomplishment to become a star, instead of merely a leading lady.

DeMille, whose favorable recommendation gave Evelyn her start in Hollywood, was never more wrong in initial judgment. The vivacious actress now laughs about her interview with the producer. "Pure luck," she says. "I had awakened too late that morning to have time to paint my fingernails, and I was just too embarrassed to talk."

Actually she is anything but natural, unspoiled, and shy. Evelyn is sophisticated and somewhat spoiled.

Those "natural" fingernails are often painted with a dark purple polish. She likes to wear violent color combinations, such as bright blues and reds, or a yellow blouse and purple slacks. There's a big Cadillac in her garage, but she often prefers to race about the city in a small yellow convertible jeepster, an automobile on the lines of jeeps used by American soldiers during the last war.

Her secretary says: "She's the only woman I've ever known who can drive around like crazy in a wreck like that and still look dignified."

The blonde actress lives on the top floor of the exclusive Shoreham Apartments, located on a hill behind Sunset Boulevard, which passes through the heart of Hollywood.

"Sometimes I think the epicurean theory of enjoying every minute of life is the only way to live," Evelyn Keyes will tell you. "I was fortunate to learn that early in my days in Hollywood. Never cry here—tears don't help a bit."

For her part in "The Killer That Stalked New York," her latest film under a Columbia contract, Evelyn dyed her hair an almost white-blonde, and at least for a time plans to leave it that color.

"Boss Harry Cohn says I can't be a dumb blonde," she says coyly, "but I'll show him yet."

This latest role in a detective story of an unusual nature shows her as a young woman who is unwittingly a carrier of the smallpox germ. As she transmits it to various people, but suffers no consequence herself, the New York Public Health Department attempts to track her down. Finally she, too, contracts the disease, just as the Health Department sleuths find her.

Almost all of the film was shot on location in New York. Director Gordon Douglas took his cast and crew to the New York slums, into medical offices used by the Health Department, to the subways and parks, and to such commonplace street scenes as a news-stand under the famed "El"—the elevated railway.

WITH NEW YORK'S skyscrapers in the background, Evelyn Keyes plays her role of an unhappy, seriously ill woman, in this scene in "The Killer That Stalked New York."

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GOOD DOGS

● Cruft's famous dog show, for more than half a century recognised as the premier event of the dog-show world, was founded by a one-time traveller in dog food. Breeders from all over the world visit it to buy champions. Some 1950 winners are shown here.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS with their proud owners. This breed has a great claim on the affection of dog lovers as they are singularly attractive and intelligent. They are noted specially for their hardiness.

ST. BERNARD champion (above) is an example of the massive breed which is noted for its endurance and gentleness. The average weight of this breed is from 180 to 200lbs., and height 28ins.

MINIATURE POODLES (below) make delightful pets and are often popular for their quaint appearance. These two prize-winners show pride of deportment and the intelligence which is also a feature of the larger poodle.

SHIH TZU (pronounced Shid Zoo) prize-winners. This breed is active, intelligent, and not in the category of "toy" dogs. Eyes are large and round and nose square and short, though not wrinkled like that of Pekingese.

CHOW CHOW champion (below) comes of a breed noted for its quiet dignity and hardy longevity.

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heavenly Gift for Mother

Heavenly Glow

by

Helena Rubinstein

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1 INTRODUCED for first time to Annunziata (Lea Podavani), whom he assisted from Italy when Kathleen refused proposal, Geremio (Sam Wanamaker) admires the girl and determines to marry her.

2 WEDDING is quickly arranged. Geremio's lie that he owns a house is first mistake, and although friendly owner makes one available, bride is badly disappointed.

3 TENEMENT rooms become and remain home of growing family. They are happy despite struggle to exist, and constantly strive to save a little money to buy the honeymoon house, which the owner promises not to sell elsewhere.

4 JOB as foreman on cut-price building is accepted by Geremio when depression overwhelms family, but now there is no saving.

GIVE US THIS DAY

DIRECTED by Edward Dmytryk, this Eagle-Lion release is based on a short story, "Christ in Concrete," which was originally published in "Esquire," and later expanded into a best-selling novel by Pietro Di Donato.

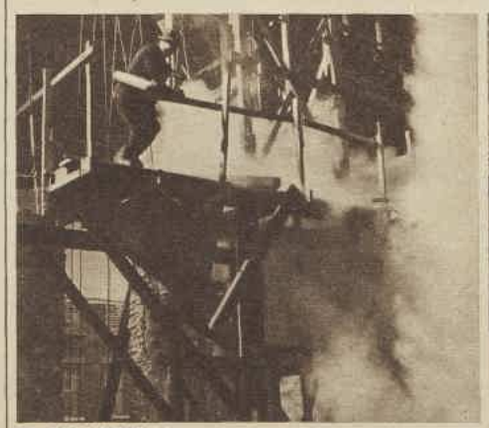
It is a simple but dramatic story about the depression years of 1921 to 1930, and how they affected the lives of a group of Italians working in the bricklaying trade in Brooklyn.

Their speech is simple poetry, their memories are of a land of sunshine, from which they journeyed in search of fortune.

Now their background is "the job"—the girders, masonry, and bricks that bring their daily bread.

5 WORKMAN Giovanni (Bill Sylvester) and worried Geremio talk over building safety measures that men have taken contrary to wishes of contractor, who has little concern for workers.

6 SOLACE in liquor and revival of friendship with Kathleen (Kathleen Ryan) are sought by Geremio when friends are injured and he is desperate with worry, but wife forgives him.



7 COLLAPSE of structure feared by workmen happens while Geremio is leaning on a bar watching gang filling concrete vats used for the building foundation. He hurtles downward in sight of helpless men.

8 PLUNGED into one of the pits, Geremio is killed by falling concrete. Awarded a thousand dollars, at last Annunziata can buy a house, but is no longer interested.

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Sheer delight FOR HER ON Mother's Day

Presenting two new shades, especially for Mother's Day. "Memories", a flattering neutral beige . . . and "Moonlite" . . . a delicate, cobwebby taupe . . . beautiful colours—in wonderful **HILTON** *"Waltz Dream" nylon. Each pair in a special Mother's Day pack, she'll be thrilled by this charming — but practical gift.*

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Pretty layette in cream flannelette or cream cesora cut out ready to make. Price—Flannelette: Frock, 7/3, postage 1/-. Pilchers, 3/3, postage 6½d. Coat, 8/3, postage 1/3. Nightgown, 8/3, postage 1/3. Slip, 4/6, postage 10½d. Complete set, 31/-, postage 2/6. Cesora: Frock, 15/11, postage 1/-. Pilchers, 6/11, postage 6½d. Coat, 16/11, postage, 1/3. Nightgown, 16/11, postage 1/3. Slip, 8/11, postage 10½d. Complete set, 63/6, postage 2/6.

No. 338—BEDJACKET

Cut out ready to make, this attractive bedjacket is in floral cesora with pink or white grounds. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust, 19/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 339—SKIRT

Smartly styled wool crepe skirt in green, dark teal, royal-blue, navy, or black, and cut out ready to sew. Sizes, 24½in. to 32in. waist, 33/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

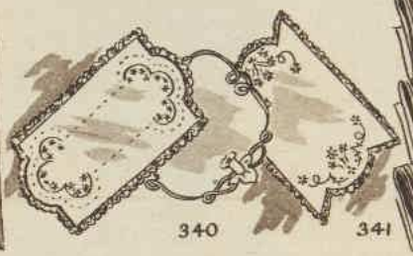
No. 340—D'OYLEYS

Three dainty d'oyleys traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, also sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, or white; and organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green (lace is not supplied). Price: Linen, 1/- each, postage 2½d. Set of three, 2/9, postage 3½d. Organdie, 9d. each, postage 2½d. Set of three 2/-, postage 3½d.

No. 341—THREE LINEN TEA-TOWELS

Set of tea-towels traced ready to embroider on Irish linen with blue or green borders. Price, 4/11 each, postage 4½d. Set of three, 14/3, postage 1/3.

● When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 338, 339, 340, and 341, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 63.



Fashion FROCKS

All Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions costing more than 6/11 are sent by registered post.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"SUSAN."—Attractive one-piece maternity dress styled with waist expansion. The material is a fine wool crepe, colors include sage-green, aqua-blue, dark navy, junior navy, and black.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 85/11; 36 and 38in. bust, price 87/3. Postage 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 69/9; 36 and 38in. bust, price 71/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

"COLLEEN."—Smart winter topper has new yoke line and full back. The material is heavy wool marle coating obtainable in beige and grey. The coat is fully lined.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 63/-; 36 and 38in. bust, price 65/9. Postage 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 49/3; 36 and 38in. bust, price 51/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

● *N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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DOE-EYED MAKE-UP, spectacular 1950 cosmetic fashion, emphasises and elongates the eyes with pencil, shadow, and mascara, in colors keyed to eyes, complexion, and costume. The finished make-up is supposed to look as soft, gentle, and appealing as the eyes of the little animal after which it is named.

Featuring 1950 doe-eyes . . .

● A doe-eyed look that imparts an impression of gaiety and mischief to glances shadowed by a luxurious fringe of lashes is the 1950 goal of tilted eye make-up.

WITH A SOFT, sharp eyebrow-pencil draw in the curved, tilted outline shown above. Emphasise the upsweep at the outer corners with eye-shadow and mascara.

TO achieve the doe-slant, you really have to go to decided lengths with brush, crayon, and shadow to produce the narrow, strong ribbon of color that frames the eyes, as well as the lashes.

With spectacular make-up of this description, it's everyone for herself. There are, of course, certain rules of application, but to find the most effective you will have to experiment a bit.

It's quite possible that you will discover the most charming effect is obtained by breaking some of the rules.

This is what you do to make your own version:

With a soft, sharp eyebrow-pencil draw a clean, unbroken line behind the top eyelashes from the inner to the outer corner. Keep this pencilling light for daytime, heavier for night wear.

The under-lid takes a shorter, matching curve, but has an identical tilt.

Emphasise the elongated upsweep of each corner with mascara on the eyelashes and shadow placed at the centre of the lid and smoothed towards the temples.

A little practice should produce the requisite eye allure, which will give the spirits a welcome boost.

But here is a word of warning. The application of make-up in this manner is a first-class method of calling attention to eyes that are the least bit weary or under par.

Nearly everybody has heard of Trilby, lovely creature created by Du Maurier, who said that she had eyes like twin stars.

In her interesting book, "Ageless Youth," American Dr. Charlotte C. West says that Trilby must have had perfect health as well as special beauty, for it is only by being at our physical best that the eyes retain their natural brilliance and power of expression.

A sufficient, well-balanced diet, joy in life, and plenty of sleep work wonders in keeping the eyes bright and sparkling.

We know how we look when we are tired, when we are low in mind, when we haven't had enough sleep.

A little consistent eye-care is the way to maintain the perfect balance between health and beauty.

To rest the eyes just close the lids for a few minutes. Then gently turn your eyes to the right as far as possible for a moment; then slowly turn them to the left, look upward, and slowly downward. Repeat a few times.

Whenever you do close eye tasks, such as sewing or reading, spell them occasionally by closing them for a few moments in this way, or by

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

looking at something at the end of the room or out the window.

Eye make-up without eye-care is a waste. Use an eye cream each night, an eye-bath each morning and evening. Bathe with warm water, then with cold to bring a reaction of the blood stream which will not only be beneficial to the eyes, but will have a favorable effect upon the eyelashes.

Loveliness of the eyes can be marred by their surroundings. They should be framed in firm, healthy tissues—a point to keep well in mind if the vision is not normal, because the lids will partially close to keep out the light and squint lines will form.

To help prevent dryness and consequent lines, pat cream around the eyes gently, using only the finger-tips. Start at the outer corner of the eye, working round underneath, continuing up and over the eyelid to the starting point. Then repeat in the opposite direction.

Eyes that smart or burn are refreshed by the homely boracic-acid bath solution, or your chemist will recommend a stimulating eye lotion.

Swollen eyelids are said to be quite often due to emotional strain or loss of sleep. Another point for the beauty-seeking contingent to keep in mind, if worry is a habit, is to arrange a worry-hour during the daytime instead of at night, when lack of sleep takes extra toll.

You can eat your way to clearer, sparkling eyes through thoughtful choice of foods, just as you can help clear your complexion, help yourself to healthier hair, and build up strong fingernails with selected vitamins and minerals.

Vitamin A and C foods have been singled out as particularly helpful to the eyes. That does not mean they are the only two important food factors, for eyes also need riboflavin, certain minerals, and other foods.

Green and yellow vegetables, liver, spinach, and broccoli are foods rich in A vitamins, while Vitamin C is found in fresh fruits and vegetables, especially orange and tomato juices.

Eye color, as well as size, spacing, and depth, is a true index of personality, character analysts reveal.

The owner of brown eyes is credited with being affectionate and sincere. Blue eyes denote the optimist and dreamer.

It is suggested that black eyes show wit and ambition for power, while hazel eyes go with a happy and active nature.

Green eyes are usually associated with talent and a shrewd mind, and grey as a mark of wisdom and perseverance.

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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

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Don't let *these eyes* . . .

become these . . .

For office workers in particular, nervous health depends on the care of the eyes. Rest them adequately. Seek professional advice as soon as you suspect serious trouble. Use Optrex to keep your eyes clean and fresh — and especially if you notice signs of styes, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammation — or just plain tiredness after a hard day.

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the EYE LOTION

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532

Cuticura OINTMENT

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of action . . .

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Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 52 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.

297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

SNUG style for a short topcoat has a high collar, big cuffed sleeves.

ONE of the most useful garments for travellers and for resort wear is the short topcoat reaching to hip-length, which is at present in high fashion.

Travellers' aid

"TRAVELLING by plane for a holiday to the north coast of Queensland, I am taking my fur coat. Do you think it would be necessary to take a second coat?"

Actually, a fur coat would be adequate for the plane trip, but I do consider you will need something lighter in weight and more casual during your vacation. My suggestion is one of the new short topcoats. They are hip-length. Have the coat either in fleecy wool or tweed, with the silhouette easy and loose, finished with a good flare at the back. Have a design buttoned to the neckline and collared, and have the sleeves finished with wide turned-back cuffs.

Fashion will come

"IS it correct to wear an evening frock with a short skirt for dancing? I see the fashion photographed in newspapers, but I have not seen it worn. I would like one for this winter when I go dancing, but do not want to be incorrectly dressed."

The dress with a short all-round or short-and-long skirt is a chic 1950 ballroom fashion. The fashion is already an established one in Paris. However, new trends take a little time to be popularised in Australia owing to the difference in seasons. This fact, I am sure, accounts for the short formal's non-appearance in our ballrooms. However, I am quite confident it's a fashion that will be very popular in Australia, and I certainly advise you to follow the style for your new dress.

Trousseau points

"AS I intend getting married in August, I would like you to advise me on several fashion points. I want to know a good contrast color to go with navy, and the correct accessory color for a cocoa-brown wool frock. I would also like you to advise me about a trim for a black-and-white check taffeta afternoon dress."

There's a new color called blood-orange that looks wonderful as an accent for navy. For your cocoa wool I advise a black patent-leather belt, black shoes, gloves, and handbag. A very chic trim for your check taffeta would be collar, cuffs, buttons, and belt made in black velveteen.

Two-way gown

"COULD you put me right on a problem? I want my wedding frock made so it will be suitable later to wear for dancing, and was wondering if I could wear a gown with a low neck."

This season low-necked wedding gowns are definitely on the increase. A very popular bridal fashion in America is a low-necked gown plus a "cover-up." The latter could be interpreted either by a removable jacket or removable sleeves. For instance, a low-necked dress of white satin could have a tiny, long-sleeved, white lace bolero, the bolero reaching to just below the bust-line. Minus the bolero, the dress would be perfect for dancing.

Design for pyjamas

"WHAT would be your suggestion for a pair of pyjamas to be made for a trousseau? I want something that isn't too fussy but looks new."

My suggestion is satin for the material, and for the design I like the idea of slim trousers plus a middy-blouse top styled with a sailor collar, short sleeves, and self tie.

Topper jacket

"WILL you help me with a design for a topper jacket, please? I want a style you think suitable to wear over suits."

You need a fingertip-length topper cut straight and full, with double-breasted fastening and a gored back.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Miss Marion Cleveland

American Society Beauty, says:

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Give your skin that Glow of Beauty "Blush-cleanse" to-night!

1. **Rouse** your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. **Blush-rinse.** Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. **Tingle** your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

Now—see the new look in your face! Sparkling clean! Velvet soft! Cheeks sweet and pink! So every night — this complete "blush-cleansing". Every morning — for a bright-awake look — a once over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.

POND'S COLD CREAM

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Wherever you are when indigestion strikes, you want relief immediately. And that's easy!—just suck two Digestif Rennies, one after the other, and the pain goes in **seconds**! These pleasant-tasting tablets contain a five-fold formula that quickly corrects stomach acidity. Rennies require no glass of water —take them, anywhere, any time.

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How can a mother help a child who is falling behind?

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES. 16 oz. Tin 4/6, 8 oz. Tin 2/6, 48 oz. Family Size Tin 12/6. Prices slightly higher in country areas.

OVALTINE TABLETS do not replace your daily cups of 'Ovaltine' but provide additional energy for work and play. Flask of approximately 80 tablets — 1/6.

IF HE'S THIN AND NERVOUS—HERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN DO—BEGINNING TODAY!

When a child is frail and nervous or underweight, it may be due to a number of things. But one of the commonest causes is faulty nutrition. And this cause is one which you, the mother, can do something about. In situations like this, many mothers are now turning to 'Ovaltine'. For delicious 'Ovaltine' provides concentrated nourishment from Nature's finest foods, reinforcing strength, energy and vitality. 'Ovaltine' also possesses important tonic properties which build a healthy nervous system. It's Fortified too, with extra quantities of Vitamins A, B, D, Iron and Calcium. Yes, 'Ovaltine' is the tonic food beverage to build up those who are falling behind. Start enjoying regular cups of 'Ovaltine' today . . . when you consider all the food values which 'Ovaltine' supplies the price is economical.

'OVALTINE'

THE FOOD YOU DRINK FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH

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Finale...

● These simple, easy-to-follow recipes for delicious sweets suitable for hot or cold service are a useful addition to your kitchen files.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

FRESH, home-cooked, or tinned fruit is used to flavor the hot and cold desserts illustrated above. Dishes include pineapple and cherry ring, lemon crumb pie, fruit salad sponge, and peach custard cream served in individual glasses.

HOT sweets described here are substantial and satisfying, and make a good finish for a dinner which includes a light main course. Either one may be served cold if desired.

Individual servings of cold sweets are attractive and quite simple to arrange when the dish is being prepared. This method saves time at the table and gives a glamor touch to a simple sweet.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

FRUIT SALAD SPONGE

Two eggs, scant ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, ¾ cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups finely cut fruit salad (drained free of syrup), 2 small bananas, ½ cup unset raspberry jelly, strawberries or cherries to decorate, whipped cream or substitute.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly with pinch salt. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat until well mixed. Fold in sifted flour alternately with warmed milk. Turn into greased recess tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler, allow to become cold. Fill recess with well-drained fruit salad. When jelly is beginning to thicken, spoon over fruit salad, adding sliced bananas just before coating fruit with jelly (to prevent discoloration). When jelly is set, pipe or spoon whipped cream round border. Decorate serving-dish with frosted grapes if desired.

Frosted Grapes: Dip grapes in sugar and water syrup cooked until it bubbles slowly without having changed color. Drain, coat with sugar, place on waxed paper to set.

LEMON CRUMB PIE

One cup fine, stale breadcrumbs, ½ cup cold water, juice of 3 lemons, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 extra egg-yolk, 6oz. shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 extra egg-white, 3 extra tablespoons sugar, small quantity toasted coconut and strawberries or cherries to decorate, 2 tablespoons lemon butter.

Soak crumbs with cold water and lemon juice. Add lemon rind and 1 cup sugar. Whip eggs with the extra egg-yolk, fold lightly into breadcrumb mixture. Roll shortcrust or biscuit pastry thinly, line a deep tart-plate or flan-ring. Decorate edges and brush with milk or water. Fill with lemon-crumb mixture. Dot top with margarine or butter, cook in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) about 5 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) and bake a further 20 to 25 minutes or until filling is just set and lightly browned. Beat extra egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar. Beat to meringue consistency, flavor as desired, and spread round edge of tart leaving an opening in centre to be filled with lemon butter. Sprinkle meringue with coconut, brown lightly under moderate griller or return to oven until browned. Decorate with strawberries or cherries, fill centre with lemon butter. Serve hot or cold.

PINEAPPLE AND CHERRY RING

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon white sugar, glace cherries, pineapple rings.

Cake Mixture: Three ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, scant ½ cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, whipped cream or substitute, and extra cherries.

Cream the two tablespoons margarine or butter with the three tablespoons sugar (one white, two brown). Spread over base and sides of ring tin. Arrange pattern of pineapple slices and cherries. Prepare cake mixture. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and honey. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread over pineapple slices in tin, being careful not to move pineapple. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes for syrup to settle before turning on to serving-dish. Serve hot with custard or cold with whipped cream and cherries as illustrated.

Continued on page 58

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CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

Make a

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING!

Here's a lovely pudding that will prove a favourite with the whole family. It is prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour. A little Bournville goes a longer way—try it. And remember always—for successful chocolate cooking, insist on Bournville Cocoa.

Quick and easy to make!

2 oz. breadcrumbs
½ pint milk
1 oz. sugar
1 oz. butter
1½ teasp. Bournville Cocoa
2 eggs

METHOD:

Put sugar, cocoa and butter into milk, and bring to boil, then pour on to breadcrumbs in basin. Allow to cool slightly, and add yolks of eggs. Place in greased pie dish, and bake until set. Whisk whites of egg very stiffly, adding two tablespoons of sugar, and pile on top of pudding. Place in very cool oven until meringue is set and becomes a pale golden brown. Lightly sprinkle top with 2 or 3 pinches of Bournville Cocoa.

Cadbury's

BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour.

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For Quick Delicious Picnic Sandwiches try

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Milled FRESH while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

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*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.

One of the Natural Foods!

P7-B141

BISCUIT or champagne pastry makes a rich casing for smooth, creamy butterscotch filling flavored further with coconut. The pie is best served cold. Whipped cream or substitute may replace meringue topping.

WHOLE PRAWNS, added just before serving, garnish these hot macaroni and prawn scallops. A topping of cheese and breadcrumbs adds to the flavor.

Prizewinning recipes

DELICIOUS prawn and macaroni scallops, japonica quince jelly, and butterscotch pie make up this week's list of prizewinning recipes.

It is not generally known that the quinces from the red japonica shrub make a palatable jelly to serve with roast mutton or lamb. The jelly is easy to make, has a good color, and is somewhat sharper in flavor than quince jelly.

The soft, creamy filling of the butterscotch pie may be used for small afternoon tea tartlets and topped with a dab of whipped cream.

PRAWN AND MACARONI SCALLOPS

Three ounces macaroni (cut in small lengths), 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup water, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 1lb. prawns, salt, pepper, extra 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, ½ cup fine white breadcrumbs, parsley to garnish.

Wash macaroni well, cover with salted water, and boil rapidly for 20 minutes until tender. Remove heads and shells from prawns, reserve 12 whole ones for garnishing, and chop balance coarsely. Drain macaroni, add milk, and cook over boiling water for further 30 minutes. Blend flour with water and stir into macaroni. Remove from hot water and stir over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Add margarine or butter and all but 1 tablespoon of grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper, stir in chopped prawns. Grease six scallop or ramekin dishes and fill each with prawn and macaroni mixture. Top with breadcrumbs mixed with the 1 tablespoon grated cheese. Dot with extra margarine or butter and place under hot griller until lightly browned. Serve garnished with whole prawns and parsley sprigs.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. M. Fisk, 128a Newington Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit or champagne pastry-case, ¾ cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, ½ cup coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Mix brown sugar and flour together. Beat egg-yolks with milk, gradually stir into dry ingredients, mixing well to prevent lumps. Stir over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes, add margarine or butter, coconut, and vanilla essence. Pour into cooked and cooled pastry-case, allow to cool. Beat egg-whites for meringue until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Flavor with vanilla and spoon or pipe on to tart filling. Sprinkle lightly with coconut and place in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve cold with or without ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Hattam, 20 Casey St., Bendigo, Vic.

JAPONICA QUINCE JELLY

Japonica quinces, water, lemon juice, sugar.

Wash fruit, cut up roughly—do not peel or remove seeds. Barely cover with water and boil until fruit is quite soft. Strain through a jelly-bag or fine cloth. To each cup of fruit syrup add 1 cup sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until mixture will "jell" when tested on saucer. Cool slightly, pour into warm jars. Seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Smith, 5 Kenneth St., Longueville, N.S.W.

FINALE

Continued from page 57

PEACH CUSTARD CREAM

Three-quarters pint milk, 3 teaspoons cornflour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup chopped peach pulp, 6 peach halves, colored coconut, whipped cream or substitute, cherries.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, place in saucepan with balance of milk and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, add beaten eggs, stir over low heat 3 or 4 minutes, but do not allow to boil again. Add vanilla and gelatine softened in cold water. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. When cold and beginning to thicken, fold in chopped peach pulp. Fill into individual serving-dishes, top each serving with a peach half cut side up. Fill centre with whipped cream, decorate with a cherry. Sprinkle custard with colored coconut.

To Color Coconut: Place required quantity of coconut in a cup. Add a few drops of food coloring, stir with a teaspoon until well mixed and evenly colored. Store in airtight jar.

YOU CAN'T BOIL THE LIFE OUT OF *Vida*

IT'S A GOOD ELASTIC

Save the bother of rethreading garments again and again . . . demand 'VIDA' Elastic —— the *unconditionally guaranteed* elastic that stands up to constant boiling, ironing, wearing and stretching. Sold on 3 yard cards.

Get the guaranteed elastic . . . say

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gone in 3 minutes

Never use a razor. It makes unwanted hair grow faster and coarser. There's a new way—a dainty cream called VEET. It removes hair like magic, *deep down* below the skin surface. No risk of cuts; no bristly stubble. Underarms and legs are satin-smooth when you use VEET. At all chemists and stores, 3/- per tube.

BE IMMUNE* FROM COLDS TEN DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these troublesome complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your chemist for

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS

11/3 Adult, 9/- Child

★ The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet to Sole Distributors:

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Gravy

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QUICK-EZE

give QUICK RELIEF from

INDIGESTION

AFTER-MEAL PAINS, HEART-BURN, EXCESS STOMACH ACID, DYSPEPSIA

Indigestion is suffered *needlessly* by most of its victims. The more common symptoms—after-meal pains, "fullness," flatulence, heart-burn—can be relieved in seconds by one or two rapid-acting Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets.

Digestive disorders cause more sickness than any other ailment

Any tendency to digestive disturbances should be countered by chewing one or two Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets after each meal. In the average case this will prevent after-meal discomfort.

Quick-Eze are made to B.P. Codex Standard for Quick Action

Quick-Eze are the most convenient to take and handiest to carry. A packet in pocket or handbag provide an immediate remedy for relief just when and where you need it. Keep a packet always at hand and be sure of quick relief from indigestion.

Sealed in the New, Handy, Hygienic Pack

Wrapped in spill-proof, dust-proof protective gilt-foil, Quick-Eze stay active and fresh to the last tablet. And they are conveniently on sale EVERYWHERE!

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION 6D PER PKT.

FORMAL and landscape gardens were shown at the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London this year. Three of the gardens are shown on this page. At right is shown a Westmoreland landscape with a flower - fringed lily-pool.

BEAUTY of this formal garden comes from beds of rich coral-pink azaleas, making two great splashes of color in clipped lawns, cornered with tiny spruce trees.

AN INFORMAL pleasance in the "Gardens of Music" at the Ideal Homes Exhibition. Yellow, pink, and white waterlilies cover the pool.

GARDENING—*in exposed places*

NOVICES often complain that their gardens are very exposed and ask for lists of plants that will flourish in such a situation.

Shrubs and trees are usually recommended for such positions. The toughies among the trees are sycamores, Corsican and Austrian pines, Mountain pines, white and grey poplars, and most of the oak family.

Shrubs are not very numerous, but the best for our climate are the N.Z. Christmas bush, banksias, coprosma baueri and variegata, Spanish broom, aucuba japonica, crataegus (hawthorns), leptospermums, callistemons, Geraldton wax shrub, grevilleas, escallonias, dwarf cypresses, lavender, oleander.

Annuals and perennials are more susceptible to wind damage, but there are many that do extraordinarily well in seaside places: Annual and biennial gaillardias, statices, ericas, alyssum maritimum, alyssum alympicum, and alyssum montanum. Calendulas do quite well, also cosmos, godetias, candytuft, leptosyne, lupin nanus (dwarf type), Virginian stock, nigella, brachycombe, dimorphotheca, African and French marigolds, the dwarf snapdragons, wallflowers, Canterbury bells, and heuchera.—**Our Home Gardener.**

THE pompous major-general from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" shown above as a pottery jug.

CHARACTER reproductions in pottery are shown above. Poo-Bah, the Mikado, Katisha, and winsome Ko-Ko, from the comic opera "The Mikado."

COMIC OPERA CHARACTERS IN POTTERY

• *Reminiscent of Toby jugs are these fascinating character studies in pottery from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas.*

The reproductions were done by an English firm, Shorter and Sons, of Stoke-on-Trent, with the permission of the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, and brought to Australia by Mr. Russell Cowan, of Sydney.

Some of them stand ten inches high, some of them measure only five inches, but the attitudes, facial expressions, and colorful costumes are faithfully reproduced, and each can be used as a jug.

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To knit: Snugly fitting spencer

THIS spencer is knitted in simple stocking-stitch with ribbon elastic threaded through neck and sleeves.

Materials: 4oz. of Patons 3-ply Baby Wool, "Patonised" (this is the only wool that should be used); 2 No. 11 needles; crochet hook (size 6), 2 yards of ribbon elastic; 9 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit a 33 to 35in. bust.

Tension: 7¼ sts. to 1in. measured over stocking-stitch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, tog. together, st. stitch, st-st. stocking-stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl), sl. slip, inc. increase, dec. decrease, beg. beginning, w.f. wool forward, w.r.n. wool round needle, tr. treble; d.c. double crochet, ch. chain.

HERE is a real friend for wintry days—a dainty hand-knitted woollen spencer that will fit closely and unobtrusively under a sweater, blouse, or frock. It is easy to make, and is not expensive.

BACK

Cast on 90 sts., working into the back of sts. of first row only, (k 2, p 2) rib for 3in.

Next Row: * K 4, inc. into the next st. by knitting into front and back of st.; repeat from * to end of row (108 sts.).

Continue to work in st-st. without further shaping until work measures 12in. from commencement.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Work without further shaping until work measures 18½in. from beg.

Next Row: K 28 sts., cast off 32 sts., k 28, then, working on the last 28 sts., with wrong side of work facing—

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts., p to end of row.

Next Row: Knit.

Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times more.

Join wool to remaining 28 sts. at centre front, and shape shoulder to correspond to other side.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 56 sts. and (p 2, k 2) rib to last 8 sts., p 2, k 6.

Next Row: K 6, (k 2, p 2) to last 2 sts., k 2.

Repeat the last 2 rows for 3in., keeping 6 garter-st. border.

Next Row: * K 4, inc. in next st.; repeat from * 9 times more (60 sts.), k 6 garter-sts. (66 sts.).

Keeping the 6 garter-st. border, work in st-st. until work measures 6½in. from commencement, then, with right side of work facing, k 42, then k twice into each of the next 6 sts. Knit to end of row. Work without further shaping until work measures 12in.

Shape Armhole: With right side of work facing—

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 10 sts., p to end of row.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows 4 times more.

Continue to work in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 28 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until work measures same as back, then—

Shape Shoulder: With right side of work facing—

Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times more.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 56 sts.

1st Row: K 6, (p 2, k 2) rib to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, (p 2, k 2) to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: K 2, cast off 2, k 2, (p 2, k 2) rib to last 2 sts., p 2.

4th Row: K 2, (p 2, k 2) to last 6 sts., k 2, cast on 2 sts., k 2.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until 1½in. have been worked, then repeat the 3rd and 4th rows (buttonhole rows). Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until 3in. of ribbing have been worked. Wrong side facing—

Next Row: * P 4, inc. in next st.; repeat from * 9 times more, k 6 garter-sts. (66 sts.).

Next Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P to last 6 sts., k 2, cast on 2 sts., k 2.

Continue to work in st-st., making buttonholes 1½in. apart, until work measures 6½in. from commencement. With right side facing—

Next Row: K 18, then k twice into each of the next 6 sts., k to end of row.

Work without further shaping until work measures 12in. from beg., making buttonholes 1½in. apart.

Shape Armhole: With wrong side facing—

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 10 sts., k to end of row.

3rd Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

4th Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows 4 times more.

Continue to work in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 28 sts. remain. When work measures same as other front, shape shoulders. With wrong side facing, cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of a purl row 4 times.

SLEEVES—BOTH ALIKE

Cast on 60 sts. and knit into the back of the sts., first row only.

Next Row: K 2, * (w.f., k 2 tog.); repeat from * to end of row.

Work in st-st. for 3in.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of the next 4 rows (50 sts.). Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 5in., then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Backstitch shoulder seams set in sleeves, easing in any fullness at top of sleeves, sew up underarm and sleeve seams.

With a crochet hook work holes round neck as follows:

Join wool at Right Front Opening. Work 1 tr. in first st., * 1 ch., miss 1 st., 1 tr. into next st.; repeat from * all round neck.

Next Row: 5 ch., turn; 1 d.c. into first space, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next space; repeat from * all round neck

Press all seams lightly. Thread the ribbon elastic through edging round neck and sleeves. Sew on buttons to Left Front to correspond to buttonholes.

Smart handknits

YOU will find in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book everything from the latest Paris-styled jumpers to an exquisitely fine christening robe that every mother will love to knit for her baby.

There are mother and daughter sweaters, brother and sister jumpers, little girls' party dresses, all kinds of sweaters, jerseys, and cosy woollens for smarter girls and women.

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book can be had for 1/6 from your newsagent or bookseller.

FIVE Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera characters in pottery: Pirate, from "Pirates of Penzance"; Jack Point, "Yeomen of the Guard"; The Duchess, "The Gondoliers"; Poo-Bah, "The Mikado"; Sir Joseph Porter, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Each and every one is an exquisite reproduction.

Sun-glo Styles for Children

Equally serviceable on special occasions, or for rough and tumble playtimes Sun-glo wools are your children's best companion. You'll delight to knit any of the new styles in Sun-glo's latest Kiddies Book, now on sale at all newsagents and retailers, or you may order direct from the Knitting Book Dept., Alexandria Spinning Mills, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney, price 1/1 (posted 1/2½). Send first for free style guide which will show you all the newest designs in this series.

TREND-SETTING

Sun-glo

Knitting Wool

Manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. Distributors: Paterson Laing & Bruce Ltd.

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Please send me FREE illustrated folder of new Sun-Glo styles. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage.

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CERIX

PUFFED WHEAT

You don't have to be an expert to recognise the whole-wheat goodness in CERIX Puffed Wheat. You can tell simply by *looking* at it that it is a 100% whole-grain product — rich in everything that makes wheat such a wonderful food — including bran! Natural whole-wheat EXPLODED into fluffy, easily-digested morsels, it's a grand breakfast food for children — an entirely *new* taste thrill for grown-ups. From all grocers in the big value pack.

MADE BY THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

CE10-8144

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Win New Persil's

"HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME" £4,300 contest

1st Prize!

GRAND LUXURY TOUR OF EUROPE FOR TWO!

—Arranged by Cook's World Travel Service

or £2,100 in cash!

Visit the world's most fascinating countries...

All your travel expenses paid — plus £400 pocket money and £200 for new clothes . . It's the voyage of your dreams, a tour of the world's most fascinating cities and countries. Stand in the famed Eiffel Tower and look out over Paris at night; ride in a gondola in Venice; visit Switzerland's Alps; gaze at the ruins of Pompeii. Tour Holland and Italy — witness the splendour of Rome in Holy Year. Thomas Cook & Sons, world famed travel agency, will be your guide. You'll take a glamour voyage to England, travelling 1st Class in the famous Orient liner "Orcades", spend 7 thrill-packed weeks in England and Europe with *all travel expenses paid*, and you'll return in the Orient luxury liner "Orontes". This is really *your chance of a lifetime for that holiday of a lifetime*, so get your entry form from your grocer and enter this easy New Persil contest today, now — without delay — because *YOU* can win!

£4,300 in Prizes to be won...and it's so easy

Here's all you do - start working out *your* entry now! A grand, exciting luxury tour; popular Kelvinator refrigerators with their exclusive Polarsphere power units; rich, costly furs by "Biber"— Australia's foremost furrier; and big cash prizes. They are waiting to be won, so start thinking out your entries now — here's all you have to do; it's so simple! Just complete each of these sentences in 6 words or less.

PERSIL'S BETTER IN 3 WONDERFUL WAYS

1. I like the New "Persil-White", it's the whitest white I've ever seen, and Persil-washed coloureds . . . . (*complete sentence in 6 words or less*).

   Example : . . . . "are the brightest coloureds of all".

2. I like the quick, easy way you use New Persil . . . . you simply sprinkle it into the water, swish with the hand and those gentle, oxygen-charged suds . . . . (*complete sentence in 6 words or less*).

   Example : . . . . "are ready to start shifting dirt".

3. I think New Persil is grand for dish-washing too — just see how dishes, cutlery and glassware gleam and shine because New Persil . . . . (*complete sentence in 6 words or less*).

   Example : . . . . "dissolves grease, leaves things really clean."

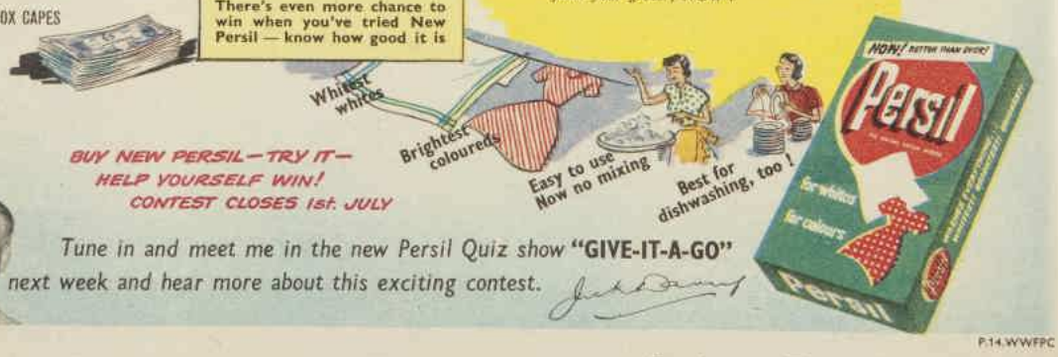
Contestants will not be penalised for using any word shown in the examples.

It's so easy — every member of the family may enter and you can send as many entries as you like. Start sending them in right away. Just get official entry forms from your grocer — they contain *full* information about the contest.

Why waste a moment? Get your entry form from your grocer, NOW!

10 KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS
10 Glamorous Canadian SILVER FOX CAPES
10 Luxurious Canadian BLUE FOX CAPES (*Furs by "Biber"*)
70 Crisp crackling £5 Notes

There's even more chance to win when you've tried New Persil — know how good it is



BUY NEW PERSIL—TRY IT— HELP YOURSELF WIN! CONTEST CLOSES 1st. JULY

HI-HO! Everybody!

Tune in and meet me in the new Persil Quiz show **"GIVE-IT-A-GO"** *next week and hear more about this exciting contest.*

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Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F5975.—Boy's winter outfit which has good style and is not difficult to make. Sizes 18, 19, 20, and 23in. lengths for 2, 3, 4, 5-6 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Special price, 1/3.

F5976.—Smart suit has the high-buttoning collar designed for warmth. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

F5975

F5976

F5977

F5978

F5977. — Fitted coat is classically styled with a double - breasted fastening. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material, ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 2/4.

F5978. — Matron's frock is designed with a pretty side drape that gives a flattering line. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5979.—Softly styled suit is made with the all-round pleated skirt so much favored in New York. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price 2/4.

F5979

START NOW TO

Enjoy Life

as they did in the "Golden Age"

The "Golden Age" evokes a picture of days when men and women were not—as now—worn out by the worry and rush of modern life . . . were not "nervy," irritable, prematurely deprived of their zest for living.

Too many of us, to-day, have depleted our reserves of youthful energy. In unique 'Sanatogen,' organic phosphorus and protein are combined in a manner that the body can absorb, to help give back these vital reserves. That is why a course of 'Sanatogen' is the finest restorative yet discovered—an opinion endorsed in writing by more than 25,000 doctors! *The few shillings' cost of 'Sanatogen' is infinitesimal when balanced against the priceless value of good health to enjoy life!* At your chemist: PRICES—4/9, 8/1, 15/3, 25/2.

Start a course of
'SANATOGEN'
Reg. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC FOOD
The only tonic which restores to the system the food your nerves need.

SN.27.16

Benger-Genatosan Pty. Ltd., 72 Bes'voir St., Sydney.

You'll sing as you wring
"Acme takes the guesswork out of wringing"

Acme's latest feature – the 'pressure indicator' – is something to sing about! Something that gives you better results for less effort. Something which means that everything you wring – delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens, now receive exactly the right pressure needed to extract water, expel embedded dirt and preserve the life and freshness of each fabric. Acme's 'pressure indicator' simply "takes the guesswork out of wringing!"

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll feel pretty happy about Acme's rubber rollers too. They're made from the finest resilient rubber, and they're *solid right through to the spindle.* That's why they wear better, last longer. Acme make them themselves and always have!

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact Acme have been making wringers since long before you were born. They've been at it for seventy years! So with each Acme made goes all the accumulated skill, knowledge, invention, research and improvement that only years of experience can give. This is what gives you real results – Acme results! And 4 million Acmes sold already speak for that fact.

SEE the new ACME with the 'pressure indicator'

★
Obtainable at all leading hardware and departmental stores
★
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Pioneer House
353 Flinders Lane
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Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW S E SCOTLAND

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★ It has always been Jantzen for Swim Suits. Then came Sunclothes. *Now it is Jantzen for Skirts, too.* All the little tricks we have learned about figure flattery and fine tailoring have gone into their making. Three styles. Beautifully tailored from four different 12 oz. "Kooba" worsteds which tailor beautifully.

Finely tailored for perfect, permanent fit

The Lady on your left.

Her Shirt is tailored from fine quality crease-resisting rayon. Long-peaked two-way collar. Patch pocket, pearl buttons and shrinkproof shoulder pads. 7 colours.

Her Skirt is our new "Fairway" style. Tailored from softest 12 oz. "Kooba" worsted. 4 gore with inverted pleat centre front and back. Narrow self fabric belt and loops. Zipper placket. New 30" length with concealed coin pocket. Waist sizes 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 32. In Grey, Nutmeg Brown, Black and White Shepherds Check and Brown and White Shepherds Check.

The Lady on your right.

Her Shirt. Tailored from imported crease-resisting rayon. Long peaked two-way collar. Pleated front yoke, full straight back. Shrink-proof shoulder pads. Long sleeves with turn back cuff and Jigger buttons of pearl. 7 colours.

Her Slacks. Man-tailored from soft cosy "Kooba" worsted fabric. Smooth straight front to flatter your hips. Concealed zipper placket. Waist band lined with shrink-proof linen. Self-fabric belt with Diving Girl buckle. Side pocket. 3" hem for length adjustment. Navy, Nigger, Dark Green, Grey, Burgundy, Nutmeg Brown.

Jantzen

SPORTSWEAR

Obtainable only from retail stores

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